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Poetry.

For the Blade.

TWISTED PRAIRIE HAY.

BY DORA SHRIER.

Out on the boundless prairies, with never a tree in sight,
With a bare cape, lone and dreary, in the bitter winter night,
With nothing to break the wind-storms sweeping over the way;
We almost despair of keeping warm with twisted prairie hay.

Our hay is the famous blue stem, and it makes the best of feed;
It covers the barn and granary, and supplies another need.
For we twist it up like a fried cake, as large as a stick of wood,
And keep the fires a-burning, while our women cook the food.

Coal is brought by the railroad almost to our very door,
But clothing and food we all must have, and the people you know are poor.
Repining won't help us any, so we live as best we may,
And keep our fires a-burning with twisted prairie hay.

In Summer we easily manage to get up sufficient heat
To wash and iron, and bake and cook whatever we want to eat;
But our memories wander backward, o'er the lapse of many a day,
As we sit by the stick in the sunshine a twisting the prairie hay.

We think of times by the camp-fires, listening to soldiers' tales,
When we kept the fires a-burning with confiscated rails;
So many comrades surely, who live in the West to-day,
Are keeping the home fires burning with twisted prairie hay.

Mason County, Ill.

I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me,
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free;
I will go to my home and my children to-night,
With no fumes of liquor their smiles to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life;
I've never refused before—let that pass;
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass.

Just look at me, now, boys, in rags and disgrace
With my bleared, haggard eyes and red blotched face;
Mark my faltering step and weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my overalls old hat and my elbows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow
When she kissed me and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dear father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up in the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered "Good bye;"
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night, it wasn't very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence and landlords won't wait
On a poor fellow who's left every cent in their till
And has pawned his last bed their coffers to fill,
Oh! the torment I felt and the pangs I endured,
And I begged for one glass, just one would have cured,
But they kicked me out of doors. I too let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass.

At home my pet Susie, with her soft, golden hair,
I saw there the window, just kneeling in prayer,
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were strewn down,
While her fee , cold and bare, shrank beneath her sweet gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread—just for a poor crust,
For one crust, on her knees my pet darling plead,
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six year old,
Tho' fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There on the bare floor asking God to bless me,
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will,
I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered I crept
Away from the house! and that night I slept.
Next my heart lay the pledge. You smile, let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above.
I will make her words true or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting place.
And she shall kneel there and weep no more,
No drunkard lies under that daisy strewn sod,
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass!

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

BY ERNEST WARREN,

Author of "Mrs. Drummond," "Throne and Scaffold," "Court and Camp," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN A PRIVATE BOX.

"The very worst play I ever saw in my life," said Leslie Fairfax, petulantly, as the curtain descended on the third act of a drama presented that evening for the first time at the Royal Roscian Theater.

"Ah, but it is very fatiguing," lisped Colonel Daniloff, with a slight foreign accent. "What thinks the charming Adeline? Is she not weary?"

He addressed the lady seated by his side, but neither by word or gesture did she betray that his speech had reached her ears. Young, dark, handsome, though possibly of somewhat too masculine a style of beauty to please the more fastidious, with black flashing eyes and with mouth and chin denoting determination and strength of will power. Her gaze was riveted on a box upon the opposite side of the house, a box the curtains of which were partially drawn in such a manner as to cast into deep shadow its solitary occupant.

"Adeline, my child," said Leslie Fairfax, sharply, "Colonel Daniloff is speaking to you."

She looked, languidly, indifferently from one to the other, and there was even something akin to contemptuous dislike in her regard as her eyes rested on the natty, compact, carefully dressed figure of the Russian Colonel, the little man who might have been called good looking with his regular features, his colorless complexion and his carefully waxed moustache, had it not been that his eyes were of that pale china blue which never betrays expression and that the lips which closed over his even white teeth were thin and bloodless.

"And what does Colonel Daniloff say?" she asked, carelessly.

"I feared you were fatigued. I thought to suggest that we should leave."

"I am interested," she responded. "You can leave me and return when the performance is over," and she raised her opera glasses and directed them to the box across the house.

"Good gracious, Adeline," cried Mr. Fairfax, "you seem to take a delight in being different to everybody else. The play is an unequivocal failure. Do you not hear the hisses, the ironical shouts for the author, the catcalls from the gallery? Pshaw! don't tell me you are interested in such rubbish."

"I am interested in the author," she answered curtly.

"Ah! Then who is the man so fortunate?" asked Colonel Daniloff, referring to the program—"yes—it is here—'A new and Original Drama in Four Acts, by Stephen Lester.' You know this Mr. Lester?"

"No;" and she leant back wearily in her chair.

"My dear Adeline, for goodness, sake, don't talk in riddles," said her father, and his large dark eyes flashed angrily at her from beneath their full shaggy brow. "If your words have any meaning let us have the benefit of an explanation. Perhaps, with your aid, we, too, may conjure up some interest from this farrago of nonsense."

"Perhaps you could, if you were able to see with my eyes. In that box, facing us, a human drama, a tragedy of real life is being enacted at this very moment of far greater interest than any one placed upon the mimic stage. Look and tell me what you see."

"I see nothing," said Mr. Fairfax, pettishly.

"I see a man—a young man—far back in the deep shadows," said the Colonel.

"Pshaw! I see *that*, of course," interposed the other, "a thin, lean, hungry looking man, badly depressed; a nervous young man, apparently, who hardly maintains the same position two minutes together; a young man whose hair wants cutting and who is now rolling his gloves between his palms as if his ambition in life were to make a twine ball of them. What of him?"

"You did not notice him just now when the curtain fell and every hiss seemed to pierce his shuddering body like a knife thrust? You did not observe when Miss Stanhope forgot her part, that he clutched the curtain and dragged it till it tore; you have not watched scene after scene, the gloom of despair and utter hopelessness settling down upon him pressing heavier and still more heavily till he is crushed and stupefied by its weight? *I* have seen this—perhaps I have a kindred feeling for ——. I pity him."

"Ah no, adorable Adeline," said the Colonel laughing. "Your pity is misplaced. This author of yours, he will go after the theatre to his public house, he will swallow his portare beer, he will smoke he will laugh, he will get drunk, forget and be happy."

"He is more likely to forget and be happy with the dark tide of the river flowing over him," said Adeline Fairfax.

"For goodness' sske, Adeline, don't be melo-dramatic," cried her father. "What nonsense you talk; you a girl with everything to make you happy. This poor devil of an author has infected you with his rubbishing rhodomontade. 'Dark tide of the river flowing over him!' Bosh!"

Then the curtain went up upon the last act, but Adeline never turned towards the stage. She kept her eyes fixed upon the box facing her, where the author with straining gaze and despairing face sat now leaning forward nervously interlacing his long thin fingers, now springing to his feet, and seizing his hat as if to escape from the purgatory of failure only to return to hit torture and resume his seat a minute later and to go through the same ordeal again.

The play was a rank failure. There could be no doubt about it. Yet it contained original ideas and clever thoughts, often couched in elegant language, but throughout the author's inexperience was plainly manifest, while some of the situations were so far fetched as to be only one degree removed from the rediculous.

A storm of hisses followed the fall of the curtain, whistles, catcalls and cock-crowings resounded through the house, and not a person present, including the unfortunate Stephen Lester, but was perfectly well aware that the new play was positively and unequivocally damned.

"I am ready when you are," said Adeline, wrapping her cloak around her shoulders.

CHAPTER II.

IN A CLUB.

As Adeline Fairfax, leaning on her father's arm and assiduously attended by Colonel Daniloff, passed through the corridor and into the crush room of the theater, many heads were turned to gaze a second time at the glorious disdainful beauty who stepped so haughtily, yet appeared proudly unconscious of the admiration she excited.

"Who is she?" asked every one of everybody.

Little Tommy Bowles, of the Foreign Office, who had been everywhere and was popularly supposed to know everything, had a story to tell about her, and half an hour later in the smoking room of the Gnats Club, that great London Bohemian gathering, where wit, scandal, brandy and soda, and late hours are the prevailing elements, he told it, over a huge cigar and a tall glass.

He had seen Fairfax and his daughter first in Vienna when he was attached to the embassy there. They were poor then, rather shady, only mixing in second rate society. The father was fond of play, spent most of his earnings at the gaming table, but was debarred from indulging to any great extent in his favorite vice from want of success.

They disappeared suddenly from Vienna. They had a trick of disappearing suddenly. When next he encountered them it was Wiesbaden, and there a great change had come over their fortunes. They were wealthy, living in the best style, surrounded by every luxury. The father had now the opportunity of indulging freely in the excitement of gambling and was a constant attendant at the table.

It was at Wiesbaden that Colonel Daniloff became on such intimate terms with father and daughter that they were rarely seen in public without him. It was evident that he was madly in love with Adeline; it was also evident that he was indifferent if not repugnant to her. He paid his court. She answered him with cold disdain.

In a scandal-affecting, gossip-loving communing, not one word was ever breathed against the fair fame of Adeline Fairfax, but when it was noised abroad, and everything is sooner or later known to the society of a German watering place, that the Fairfax hotel bill was settled in Russian roubles, and that the carriage and horses bought ostensibly by Leslie Fairfax were paid for by an order on a St. Petersburg banker, the know-alls elevated their eyebrows and wondered what it all meant, and shrugged their shoulders.

Leslie Fairfax explained. Since he quitted Vienna, a yachting accident had terminated two lives which had stood between him and a considerable inheritance. At the death of an old man of over 70, the father of the two drowned boys, he would become the possessor of an income of about ten thousand a year, and pending that uncle's to be desired demise a generous friend, Col. Daniloff, had nobly offered to act as his banker.

That the brothers had been drowned while yachting, and that Leslie Fairfax was next of kin, was proved beyond dispute. That the fortune was as large as it was represented to be was a matter of notoriety, and that the Russian Colonel, infatuated as he was with the handsome Adeline, should seek to win her favor by kindness shown to her father was in no way improbable. The story was criticised, commented upon, and finally accepted by the Wiesbaden community.

Leslie Fairfax was in Paris when the old Englishman died, but he at once hastened to Warwickshire, where the estates lay, on receipt of a telegram from the family lawyer, and attended the funeral in the gloomiest sorrowing and the happiest expectation.

Those expectations were doomed to bitter disappointment. The entire property was bequeathed to a distant cousin, one so distant and so little thought of as a possible heir that he had not even been invited to the funeral. Leslie Fairfax was not so much as mentioned in the will, but to Adeline was left the sum of £20,000, with the condition attached to the bequest that she could not touch the capital while her father lived, which clearly showed that the old man had certain suspicions of his own as to what might become of the legacy did the father have the chance of flingering the gold.

A considerable amount of curiosity was manifested by those who knew the story in watching what effect this collapse of the Fairfax expectations would have on Col. Daniloff's behavior. Many were surprised to see him more constant than before, more devoted than ever to the handsome Adeline. But their surprise did not last long, for the clever ones soon resolved amongst themselves that his only chance of repossessing hiurself of the large sum of money he had advanced Leslie Fairfax was by marrying his daughter. At papa's death the 20,000 pounds would become absolutely hers, or, better still, her husband's, unless it was settled on herself, which, of course, father and husband would take care it should not be.

Fairfax openly and honestly confessed his anxiety for the match, but as his antecedents would have led any one to believe that he would sell anything he possessed, including his daughter, to the highest bidder, a report speedily spread that Col. Daniloff had promised him 5,000 pounds and an acquittance in full of all old debts on the day that his marriage with Adeline was solemnized.

It was not a little strange that the daughter of such a father, brought up amidst more than doubtful surroundings, should have so borne herself in all the changing scenes in which from time to time she had been called upon to play a part, without even so much as a breath of scandal having tarnished her character.

She was proud and stately as a queen, cold and impassable as a statue. The women hated her, and the men feared her. She lived a solitary life in the midst of a crowd, and made no friends save amongst the lowliest and the poorest, for from time to time came rumors that she had been seen quitting some sick woman's cottage, and more than once she had been known to press gold into a beggar's hand and hasten on, heedless of their grateful prayers and thankful blessings.

Father and daughter left Paris and came to London, still attended by the faithful Russian. It was in London that a report got wind, originating with Leslie Fairfax himself, that Adeline had at last yielded to the importunities of Daniloff, and consented to become his wife.

This was the Fairfax story as told by Tommy Bowles in the smoking room of the Gnats Club.

CHAPTER III.

IN A CARRIAGE.

A neat brougham was waiting for the Fairfax party, but when Adeline had taken her place the two were still lingering on the sidewalk.

"Will you not come home with us, Colonel?" asked Leslie Fairfax.

"Not to-night, I thank you. I shall look in at the Club. Will you be there later?" "I think so." These in a whispered aside he continued: "The charming Adeline is sentimental, impulsive this evening. We must force such nonsense from her head, *mon piere*. You understand me? In three days I must have my reply. If yes, well; if no—remember! Good night, adorable," and he looked in at the carriage window. "Think of your poor slave who kisses your fingers."

"Which of us is the slave?" asked Adeline, bitterly.

Then her father stepped into the carriage which rolled quickly over the asphalt of the Strand and on to the Thames embankment.

"I wish to Heaven, Adeline," said the man, petulantly, "you would learn to be less abrupt to Col. Daniloff. You forget what we owe him."

"What *you* owe him; what you wish *me* to enjoy," she answered.

"As you are so soon to be his wife, the debt will be cancelled. There is no need to enter into detail."

"His wife! You would force me to marry a man I despise and hate?"

"You will learn to like him better."

"Never!"

"That is unfortunate; but it does not alter the position of affairs, for you must marry him."

"That I will never do of my own free will. I would sooner marry a beggar from the street, the coachman who drives us, the—"

"Or the young author of to-night's failure, in whom you professed so unaccountable an interest," sneered Fairfax.

"Or the young author of to-night's failure," repeated Adeline, gravely.

"End this nonsense at once and forever. Understand, Adeline, you have to obey me. The third day from this Col. Daniloff will formally propose for your hand, and you will formally accept his generous offer. You know before now I have found means to quell your rebellious spirit. I shall stop at nothing—you understand me?—*nothing*—to force you into compliance. Unless you are another man's wife within three days—for that I grant is an insurmountable obstacle," continued Fairfax, with a light, hollow laugh, "you will be affianced to Daniloff on Friday, and his bride within another week."

"There is yet one other escape," sighed Adeline, as she looked from the carriage window over the calm surface of the Thames reflecting the myriad lights of London in its placid tide.

Fairfax laughed again, and settled himself comfortably in the corner of the brougham, and, shutting his eyes, dozed peacefully.

"Stop!" called Adeline excitedly from the window; and almost before the coachman had time to obey her imperative command, she opened the door, and springing lightly out, ran swiftly down the stone steps leading from the embankment to the river.

Immediately before her a man had descended the same steps, and as he stood gazing over the black river, with its numberless reflections, in an attitude of miserable dejection, she followed him noiselessly, and laid a gloved hand on his shoulder.

"No," she said quietly, "you can do better than *that*."

He turned angrily, impatiently, and confronted her.

"You are Stephen Lester," she continued; "your play produced at the Roscian Theater to-night was a failure. Your ambition is disappointed; your vanity is wounded. You are without hope, without money, and you think to find a remedy—there!" and she pointed to the river.

"Well?" he retorted, aggressively.

"Perhaps you are right," she continued, with a mocking laugh; "I have thought of the same remedy myself."

"*You!*"

"Yes, and this very night. Perhaps I can save you—save myself. If I could bid hope revive again within your breast, if I could bid you once again dream of ambition, would you thank me?"

"I would devote the life saved by you to your service."

"Perhaps I may take you at your word," she answered seriously.

"Adeline, Adeline," called an excited voice from the embankment. It was Leslie Fairfax who awakened from his doze by the stopping of the brougham, found the door open and his daughter gone.

"I cannot stay," resumed the girl hurridly. "To-morrow—to-morrow—I will explain. There is a flower show at the Horticultural Garden. Be there at 4 o'clock. In the conservatory. Do not fail. It is a matter, maybe, of life and death. I can see you at no other place. Remember."

"Adeline!" called her father's distracted voice again.

She ran up the steps and stood on the stone flags as Leslie Fairfax, anger struggling with thankfulness, hastened to meet her.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing? What is the meaning of this mad freak?" he asked.

"I had a fancy to look at the river closer," she answered and then as a crowd began to collect despite the lateness of the hour, he helped her into the carriage and they were driven rapidly away towards their fashionable home in the West End.

Neither spoke for awhile. Adeline was full of her own thoughts, strange thoughts and plans and schemes springing from her impulsive action, while her father overjoyed at finding the terrible suspicion which crossed his mind on first discovering her absence, had no foundation in fact, yet furious with his daughter for causing him such causeless alarm, leant back in sulky silence pondering as to whether or no she had given him the true reason for her extraordinary action.

"Did you think I had committed suicide?" she asked suddenly as the carriage turned into the street where their apartments were located.

"I did not know what mad folly you might be guilty of."

"Perhaps, instead of taking a life, I have saved two," she answered, but Leslie Fairfax had no conception of her meaning.

CHAPTER IV.

IN A CONSERVATORY.

The Gardens were crowded. The sky was bright, the flowers were in their most dazzling glory, the Home Guard band played their newest music, the toilets of the ladies were ravishing, the gentlemen were good looking and good tempered, the strawberries had positively a genuine fruit flavor and the ices were actually cold.

It was the most successful flower show of the season.

Amongst the crowd moved one man whom nobody knew, yet whose appearance was sufficiently remarkable to attract attention. He had well defined, clear cut, regular features, a high white forehead, curling yellowish-brown hair, which descended to his coat collar. His eyes, dark and eager, were deep set in his head, he wore neither beard nor moustache. His hands were long and slender; his mouth ever restless and changing in expression denoted his highly strung nervous temperament. His figure was good and he looked picturesque in the clothes he wore, though they were of a bygone fashion, and had seen, possibly like their owner, better days.

Mrs. Leo Chaser, the impulsive impressionable seeker after celebrities, marked him down as her prey before he had been five minutes in the Garden.

"If *nobody* introduces me to him I shall *die*," she said, speaking in italics, as was her custom. "I don't care *what* he is, or *who* he is, but I'm *sure* he's *somebody* and I *must* have him at my next reception."

What brought him to the Flower Show? Not the flowers, for he scarcely glanced at them. Not the music, for when the orchestra was playing its favorite selection he dropped listlessly into a chair near the conservatory as if unconscious that the finest military band in the world was discoursing sweet melody.

Not the company, for he spoke to no one; not the costumes, for he barely noticed them; not the promenade, for he avoided it and hovered in and out and around the conservatory till the hand of the clock in the tower pointed to the hour of 4.

Coming toward him, walking with stately deliberation, majestic in bearing as a handsome queen came one whose face once seen would remain ever present to his mental vision, even to his death day.

He advanced to meet her, a flush of pleasure on his pale cheeks, his eyes sparkling like live coals in their cavernous depths.

By her side walked a little spruce dapper man, with cruel blue eyes and cruel thin lips, a neat little man, faultlessly dressed, with a light moustache carefully waxed, and gloves that fitted his slender fingers like a second skin.

Adeline, with grave, unemotional face, held out her hand in greeting to Stephen Lester. He took it eagerly, but there was something in the statuesque immobility of her features that led him to drop it immediately.

"Adorable!" said Col. Daniloff, in an audible aside. "Will you not introduce me to your friend?"

"It is not necessary," she answered coldly. "Some day you may know each other. Till then, kindly find my father. I will rejoin you presently."

Then, haughtily, she just rested the tips of her dainty fingers on Stephen Lester's coat sleeve as they walked in the direction of the conservatory, leaving the Colonel muttering and scrunching strange polyglot oaths between his white teeth.

There were but few loungers in the conservatory. The attractions of the flower show were out of doors that beautiful bright Summer day. They sat on a rustic bench, facing a pyramid of clustering roses, casting rich fragrance into the July air.

"I am glad," commenced Adeline, seriously. "I am glad that you thought better of your last night's despair. You have much to live for. You are young, and you have talent. Do not interrupt me. Your play produced last night was bad, very bad; but there were great things in it—grand ideas imperfectly realized, noble ideas inadequately expressed. I want you to succeed."

Ah! with *your* sympathy, how can I fail?" cried Lester, enthusiastically.

"Easily; unless that sympathy takes a practical form. Sympathy alone will not procure bread, nor pay the tailor. A poet, to produce good work, must be well nourished; a man of business. Even poets must be men of business. To succeed he needs to habit himself after the mode of the world, and present himself to publisher or manager in speckless broadcloth and spotless hat."

"These are but worldly conventionalities."

"The world likes its conventionalities respected. You are not strong enough to fly in the face of the Universe. There! let us not discuss terms. I can give you but a few minutes and must speak plainly. I am not rich but I have money. I will give you three hundred a year. This places you beyond want. I will give you £500 in cash to pay off any debts you may now have. Then with a light heart, a clear conscience, and an active brain, you will produce work which will be worthy of you, work of which I shall be proud as you, work which will live."

"You—*you*—will do this for me—a stranger! ho! ho! why should you? Such generosity is impossible."

"It is not impossible," replied Adeline, coldly. "I will do what I say."

"And what return can i make?"

"Last night as we stood together on the steps with the river lapping the stones at our feet, did you not say, 'I would devote the life saved by you to your service?'"

"I did—I spoke from the bottom of my heart."

"That is what I ask of you in return."

"How can *I* serve you? I, the humble, disgraced, starving author, you, the handsome, wealthy lady of fashion?"

"Marry me!" said Adeline.

Stephen Lester started, as well he might, but never spoke. A dead silence reigned during which the strains of a light waltz measure were borne on the Summer's breeze from the gardens without.

"Adeline!" he whispered, and she in turn started, marvelling how he knew her name, forgetting that her father had called it repeatedly on the embankment a few hours before. "Adeline! Can I trust my senses? Do I hear aright? You love me?"

"Love!" echoed the girl, scornfully, she drawing back as he leant forward. "No, I never loved—I never can love. I ask you to make me your wife, but having done so we part at the church door never to meet again."

CAAPTER V.

IN A PARLOR.

It was noon of Friday, the day on which Col. Daniloff was to receive his answer.

Leslie Fairfax was in the little room which he called his "snuggery," and a room in which he drank Curacoa, smoked cigars, worked out curious problems with the cards, and occasionally entertained one or two intimate associates. Fairfax was ill at ease. He paced the narrow apartment to and fro, stopping each time as he came to the window to look anxiously up and down the street.

"She can't—she can't—she would not dare!" he muttered between his teeth. "Yet why did she go out before I was down this morning? Where is she? If she has fled from home to escape this marriage, how can I appease Daniloff? He will never believe me—never!"

Then as a hansom drew up with a dash and a splash at the street door a gleam of great joy crossed his face,

"Ah! she has returned! Good girl, good girl! Why did I suspect her?"

He opened the door of the little parlor, and as Adeline would have hastened bo to her own apartment he called her in. Taking her two hands in his he gravely bent his head and kissed her forehead. Adeline shuddered.

"Where hes **my** beautiful bright eyes been thus morning? What worm has my early bird been picking up? You remember, Adeline, at 1 to-day our friend Daniloff expects his answer."

"I have been preparing one for him," said Adeline.

"And when he comes you are ready to receive him?"

"I am quite ready to receive him."

"And you will please your loving father by satisfying the Colonel?"

"The Colonel will be satisfied with the answer I shall give him."

"Good girl, good girl! I never sow you look so charming. There is a most becoming flush of color in your cheeks. Your eyes dance and sparkle and turn in an animation in your face too rarely seen there, my child. Ah, rogue, little rogue, I believe you have loved Daniloff from the first!"

Then Adeline made her escape and papa Fairfax lit a choice cigar and leant back with the air of a father who had nobly done his duty, and as he slowly puffed the fragrant rings into the air, he congratulated himself on the speedy termination of all his troubles.

He was just refreshing himself with a glass of choice old liquor, when Colonel Daniloff was announced. The Russian, for all his soft, purring, cat like manner when addressing Adeline, had another manner for Leslie Fairfax.

"Well, what news?" he asked abruptly, as he closed the door, "Do I take a wife with me to St. Petersburg?"

"My dear Ivan, all goes as well as you can desire. I spoke to my daughter as I promised, kindly, paternally, but decidedly. I gave her till this morning to make her decision. She went out early——"

"Went out? When? Why?"

"Oh do not be alarmed. She has returned. But a few minutes ago she told me that she went to prepare for your reception and that you would be perfectly satisfied with the answer she would give you. She expects you, Colonel. She is quite ready to receive you. You know the way. I will not intrude upon your happy meeting with your future wife. Heaven bless you both."

"I will go to her at once," said Daniloff, and giving a delicate twirl to the ends of his waxed mustache, he strode from the room with all the importance of his diminutive stature.

Leslie Fairfax poured himself out another glass of Curacoa. He was not a drinking man, but this was a special occasion, and despite all his customary self-possession, he was a little nervous. Though from her childhood he had kept Adeline in perfect subjection, ruling her with a rod of iron, there were moments now and then when he doubted whether he rightly understood her character, moments when he caught glimpses of a strength of will and tenacity of purpose which made him inclined to doubt his own power should it ever be put to the test.

He had not felt at all certain of carrying his point about the marriage, but now that that was as good as settled, and for the future he could leave Ivan Daniloff to fight Adeline's obstinacy he was quite light and happy.

"I will give him five minutes more," said he. "and then he will return to me an accepted lover. Happy man! What a treasure he has secured!"

A door closed loudly above and a man's quick tread descending the stairs struck upon his listening ear.

"He comes, hastening to tell me of his good fortune!" remarked Leslie Fairfax. Then the parlor door was flung open and Col. Daniloff entered like a whirlwind, his pale face livid with rage.

"Malediction, you hound!" he cried springing on Fairfax and clutching him by the collar. "This is your infernal trickery. Oh, rascal! rascal! I will be even with you for this. I spit upon you son of a dog!"

"What—what—has happened?" stammered Fairfax, releasing himself from his assailant's grip.

"What has happened? Bah! You are in the plot, you are in league together. Where did she go this morning? Do you know or shall I tell you? Where did she go this morning when she left home so early? Bah! As if you did not know she went to church."

"She went — to church — did she?" faltered Leslie Fairfax staring blankly at the Russian. "What—what is the harm in going to church?"

"Yes," sneered Col. Daniloff, showing all his white teeth like a snarling dog. "She went to church, and what was she when she returned?"

"What was she when she returned?" echoed Fairfax mechanically, his face as white as a sheet and his hands trembling.

"Another man's wife!" cried the Russian with a ferocious oath.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

In Burmah editors receive elephants in payment for subscription. In this country the paper itself is about all the elephant the editor cares to keep in stock.

Humor.

A BOY'S FOURTH.

Burdette's Reminiscences of the Day in the Long Ago.

It seems to me the Fourth of July is a quieter festival than it used to be. It may be that we spread it over a greater part of the year now, or it may be that I am growing old and a little fogyish, but any how I don't think the boys mix their colors quite so brilliantly when they go out to put the high light on the town as they used to. Still, they seem to enjoy it. I am ashamed to tell how many firecrackers and torpedoes and Roman candles and pin wheels I bought for the Prince and yet they were all used up. I will also confess that while touching off those fireworks that I bought "just to please the boy," I felt very like a man of 48 years who takes a baby four months old to the circus "to see the animals." I confess to a depraved enjoyment in the small but earnest firecracker.

I tell you, bird of the broad and sweeping wing, the last Fourth of July before the war was one that was written upon my heart with a pen of iron and on my back with a skate strap. She was a screamer—the Fourth of July, not the skate strap. We got ready for that Fourth.

John found a piece of inch gas pipe, about a foot and a half long, and we made a cannon of it, but secretly, for fear of the Sanhedrin. We strapped it on to a big block. We loaded it. I chucked in the powder. "Put in plenty," said John, and I poured in some more. Then I rammed down a wad of dry paper. Then John rammed down a wad of wet paper. "That'll make her crack," he said. Then I pounded in a stone marble. "That'll make her ring," I said. Then John rammed down another wad of wet paper.

"That'll make her boom," said that enthusiastic artillerist; "now let's put her away to dry, and when she goes off to-morrow morning, the cellar wall will fall in."

Then we made the flag. That is, we cut out the stars and one of our sisters made the flag. This we did openly as within the law. The flag of the free heart's hope and home was not completed until late at night, and then there was a motto to be painted on the milky baldric of the skies, with streakings of lampblack and turpentine. We spread the symbol of our chosen land down on the sitting room floor, and by the dim religious light of a fitful kerosene lamp I painted in bold capitals "Liberty and Union." This work was done with muffled oars, because the Sanhedrin had gone to bed, and was known to be adverse to this kind of midnight revelry. When the motto was completed John kicked over the lamp, smashing the chimney, narrowly escaping an explosion and filling the camp with consternation, in the midst of which we sternly ordered our sister to her room, because the more intensely sibilant became our whispers, and the more we tried to make her hush, and the more we blistered our startled fingers on stray pieces of red hot lamp chimney, ambushed in the dark, and the more ominous grew the listening silence from the apartment where the Sanhedrin slept, the more she giggled. "Anything," said John, "but a giggling girl!"

When all was quiet I groped my way to the pantry for another chimney, and stepped into a steel rat trap which caught me around the heel with the savage grip of a new boot, and there was a moment of suppressed emotion that could not be described by a guide book.

The lamp was lighted. A moment our eyes turned to where the skyborn glories of our flag burned, and then proudly, joyously we lifted it from the floor. Alas, its earth-born glories had burned through. There, before our gaze, raggedly, yet distinctly limned on the light ground of the carpet, like the wild wreaths from cannon mouthings loud, "Liberty and Union" looked up at us. We felt that while the sentiment was patriotic and proper, yet it was out of place on a sitting room carpet in the home of a citizen of refined and quiet taste.

All eyes at last turned on the speaker, and I felt that as I had mixed the paint and lettered the legend myself, some explanation was necessary. So I told my sister she might have had more sense. Then I told John any boy of half his age would have known that paint would run through, and concluded by saying that I told them so. This explanation was considered eminently satisfactory.

I took some benzine and tried to obliterate the patriotic sentiment that lay like Freedom's soil beneath our feet. I could not destroy the 'Union;' that was, and is, impossible, but I clouded it all over that end of the room, mixed it in with "Liberty" and run the whole thing over two breadths of carpet. Then we retired.

Daylight saw us dressed and ready to shake up the neighborhood. We planted our cannon on the cistern box, pointed it at the Summer kitchen and touched it off with a long piece of paper.

She was all our fancy painted her. She went off with a bang that would have excited the envy of Langtry, and woke every dog and taxpayer in the Second Ward, and Sanford street ran out and began to shriek "Fire!" There was a whirr like the rush of a cyclone as our battery recoiled, and went tumbling through the air between our head, hurtling clear across the yard, and knocking a board off Neighbor Shutt's fence. We went into the kitchen. The stone marble had banged through the light woodwork, knocked a glass pitcher in more directions than we had time to count, split a porcelain kettle and ground itself to powder on a sturdy little iron pot that sat on the stove.

Then we went around to the front of the house to wake up the girls. This simple feat we easily accomplished by throwing a cluster of about two dozen fire-crackers in through their open window. Then we ran around to the side porch and waited for the fusillade and screaming to begin.

"I wonder if Mollie will laugh now?" said John.

I don't remember whether she did or not. I know that if there was any unseemly levity during the performance of the following act in the drama of Liberty and Union I took no part in it. We heard the fire-crackers begin a rattling fusillade and then they were drowned in a chorus of shrieks; then a man down street hollooed "Fire!" and a man up street shouted "Fire!" We rushed around in front to get a full view of the tableau, and saw more smoke than we supposed could easily pour out of one pair of windows, even if the curtains were on fire. The rally was of short duration; the fire was quickly subdued with no very serious damage, and when we went in to surrender our stock and resign our seats on the board the Sanhedrin was contemplating the plant on the carpet.

Dearly beloved, I am growing old, and soon the place which now knows me will know me better than it did when I first came here. But in the changing scenes that have checkered my reckless career I have never seen such another Fourth of July as that which spread its glittering wings in the full orbed glory of a cloudless dawn, fluttered for a few brief moments in a bright atmosphere of buoyant hope and laughing joy and then sat down in the dead embers of a blighted dream, with ashes on its head and dust upon its lips, and wrapped itself in a cloud of gloom as big as a Gospel tent.

ROBT. J. BURDETTE.

WHAT TICKET AGENTS ENDURE

A Man Fills the Mind of a Cincinnati Man with Thoughts of Suicide.

More ticket agents would be found in heaven but for a certain class of visitors who come in and lead them into ways of profanity by their senseless and time-consuming questions. Instances like the following are common:

"Is this the Cincinnati Southern office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your sign says Cincinnati, New Orleans, Texas & Pacific."

"That's the same thing."

"Then why do some of your advertisements say Queen and Crescent route?"

"Because the road runs from Cincinnati, the Queen City, to New Orleans, the Crescent City."

"What's the fare to Chattanooga?"

"Ten dollars."

"Both ways?"

"No—one way."

"How much for the round trip?"

"Seventeen fifty."

"When does the next train go?"

"Eight ten."

"What time is it now?"

"Half-past four."

"Slow, ain't you? My watch says four."

"That's standard time."

"What is?"

"Ours."

"Don't having three hands on your clock mix you?"

"No, sir."

"What did you say the fare was to Chattanooga?"

"Ten dollars."

"Supposin' I was to take two tickets?' The price for each would be the same."

"How about five?"

"No difference."

"You've taken a good many people to Chicago, haven't you?"

"Our road don't run there."

"That's so," looking around the walls and drumming on the counter with one hand, "What's the fare from Ocala to Leesburg?"

The tired agent wades through the railroad guide, and after infinite search finds the towns named to be on an obscure Florida road, and figuring on the distance at three cents a mile replies, "about 90 cents."

"How long will it take to get there if I leave to-night?"

Using up a couple of pencils and a ream or so of paper, after hunting up all the railroads and their connections, together with the stage lines and boat transfers, the agent says: "Friday night, at 11 o'clock."

"What will it cost altogether from here to Leesburg, sleeping car and meals together?"

More figuring and another estimate is made.

"That's a good deal, ain't it? Where's the opposition ticket-office?"

The agent removes a revoiver from his hip-pocket to a shelf under the counter. The weapon is a self-cocker, with stop and fly back trigger, timed to a sixteenth of a second.

"Were you going to start to-night?" says the agent.

"Well, no. I was thinking that if business keeps up through the Summer I might go in the Fall to see some of my wife's kin."

Ticket agents get bald soon and die early.

Amending the Verdict The Trouble of Getting It All Right.

The train was just entering Erin, Tenn., when we heard the sharp toot! toot! toot! of the whistle, and such passengers as looked from the windows saw an aged African with a bundle over his shoulder straight ahead on the track. The whistle was blown and the bell rung, but he paid no attention, and all of a sudden the cow-catcher picked him up and flung him 50 feet to one side. A gang of men brought the body to the depot, and among the dozen of us who stopped off at the village the Coroner's jury was selected. It seemed a plain enough case. The man came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the L & N. Road. Such was the verdict rendered, but no sooner was it announced than the Coroner observed:

"Gentlemen, return and amend your verdict. You haven't said anything about carelessness."

We returned to the room and amended by adding that the engineer was blameless in the case, and the Coroner received us with:

"Very good, gentlemen, so far as it goes, but the man was probably deaf, and it would be well to amend the verdict accordingly."

We went back and amended to make the victim as deaf as a hitching-post, but we were not through yet.

"You haven't got the name of the County in your report, and you don't say whether it was a freight or a passenger train," observed the coroner.

We returned to the room for another tussle, and were just congratulating ourselves on having everything ship-shape, when the coroner put his head into the doorway and called out:

"Gentlemen, amend your verdict! The confounded nigger has come to life!"

And when we rushed out to the freight house he was sitting up on end and asking if anybody had seen his bundle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Olsen's Spectacle Case.

Mr. and Mrs. James Olsen, of Tremont, went for a walk Monday night when they were met by two tramps. One of the men asked Mr. Olsen what time it was, and the gentleman told him that he did not know.

"Then we'll look ourselves," said the small tramp.

Mrs. Olsen drew a dangerous looking weapon and exclaimed:

"If you touch my husband I'll blow both of your heads off."

The larger tramp looked at the smaller one and then at the weapon, and shouting, "Dig out Jim, she's going to pop!" took to his heels and disappeared with his companion.

When the elderly couple had recovered their composure, Mr. Olsen said to his wife:

"Matilda, my dear, I did not know that you carried a pistol. When did you get it?"

"Why, father," quoth the venerable Mrs. Olsen, "'twas my spectacle case."—*New York World.*

A Bad Break.

"Do you play very much now-a-days, Miss Smith?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have

limits of probabilities or possibilities, and then no further concern is felt; since, generally, it makes but little difference whether they are true or false, so that the telling of them amuses; but when a story is told that claims to be true, and yet so far transcends any possibilities the mind is able to grasp, or to admit, their veracity is challenged, and the relation fails either to amuse or interest well balanced minds. Thus, a story of great extravagance may be told, and in such a way that the reader, if he be intelligent, knows that every word of it is pure and unmitigated fiction, and yet because its points are all inside of the possible, if not entirely probable, it is satisfying, and even enjoyable, because it illustrates, and even throws some light on the general affairs of life. This kind of story-telling is allowable, though it be false. But monstrous caricatures of nature are as abhorrent to the reasonable mind as are monstrosities in the entities or real things that exist in nature. And herein lies the difference between popular and unpopular writers of fiction. The writers of romance and fiction that have stood the test of time, and whose works have run through many editions and become standard, will be found, upon inspection, to have confined themselves to such occurrences as might take place; or, in other words, to lively and brilliant descriptions of the ordinary or extraordinary and legitimate occurrences of human affairs. And so it is only that which is true to life, or to nature, in fiction, that we tolerate.

But nature sometimes has freaks, so to speak, that seem so outside of the ordinary course of things, though in themselves after all true to nature, that their narration challenges belief; and it requires very respectable authority to gain for them any evidence at all. I could narrate many such from my own experience, but will limit myself to one—the story of the two stuffed pullets. In giving it, I probably admit its incredibility to all who have never had experiences outside of the ordinary course of nature. Its credibility rests entirely upon my claims to veracity. There were a number of living witnesses, but not one of them are alive now. There is not one word of fiction in the story, or the slightest deflection from truth. But I confess myself wholly unable to understand any part of, either the philosophy or physiology of the case; and I don't think anybody else ever will.

In the month of August, 1836, I had a dangerous and protracted illness from fever, that so reduced me I was not more than able to walk a little by the first of October. During my convalescence I craved animal food, which my physicians obstinately, and without either scientific knowledge or good common sense, as I now know, denied me. There were times when my craving for meat of some kind, or gravy, came upon me with such intensity that I suffered torment no words can make intelligible. I think there were times when I would have parted with every thing I owned on earth, and 10 times as much, for a square meal of flesh well cooked. It became a passion I was morally powerless to control, when the odor of cooking meat reached my olfactories. But confiding in the judgment of my doctors, who I now think were up to the highest attainments of the healing art of the age, I fully believed my welfare, and even my life, depended on my abstinence; and so confiding, I endured the martyrdom, though left alone without the constant presence of my wife to enforce the doctor's orders I could not have done it. There was an unsatisfied want in the solids of my body that nothing could satisfy but that which nature asked for. This I understand now, but did not then. That which the doctors insisted on confining me to, consisted of rice, sugar, arrow root and the like, but these I came at last to loathe, and even to abhor. Not even milk porridge was permitted. It would induce fever, they said. But I have forgiven the stupidity of the doctors, who I feel should have known better, no matter what the books said. I shall never forget to the latest hour of my life, the agonies of hunger I endured. In this famished condition; this persistent refusal to meet the demands of nature; this starving to death by inches; my body remained emaciated, a slow, harrassing fever followed me with its evening exacerbations and restless nights. Still, nature was slowly gaining on disease and debility, and my desire to get well and live, was gaining in increased ratio.

I had a brother-in-law who resided 20 miles away. It was arranged that he and his wife were to come down with the carriage on Sunday afternoon, and we were to go home with them, and make a long visit, or until I was well. On the morning of the sunday on which they were to come, I told my wife to get a boy to come and catch for her a couple of fat pullets, of which there were a great many running about the stable lot, and get up a good supper by the time the folks arrived. She said it was a first rate suggestion and should be carried out. It was not long before two full grown chickens, of that Summer's growth, were ready for the hot water.

We had an old fashioned Franklin stove, which was itself a kind of iron fire place, with a wide iron bar hearth, on which Dutch ovens, skillets, pots, etc., were set over hot coals to conduct the process of cooking and baking. By 2 o'clock the pullets were resting side by side in the big Dutch oven, appropriately stuffed, and were undergoing the boiling process preparatory to baking; and a little later in the afternoon the hot coals were piled onto the lid, and a big skillet was set at the opposite side with biscuits to raise. As the baking of the pullets went on, the room became filled with the fumes, and my agony was complete. One thing I had settled upon, I would chew some of the breast and spit it out; that they could not object to, and it would at least gratify me.

Joe Hill was to preach in the Methodist Church that night, and everybody wanted to hear him. He was a favorite. My wife was very anxious that our friends should arrive in time for her to get supper over so she could go and hear Joe Hill. They had 20 miles to come, and the roads were fine, and if they started immediately after dinner, we supposed they might get there before sundown. But sundown came, and thick twilight was setting in, and the carriage had not yet arrived. I told my wife to put on her bonnet and shawl and go to meeting; the folks would come and they would wait a little for supper to oblige her; and besides, I was not the least afraid to stay at home. She believed she would, and when the carriage came I should tell Susan to begin to get the things on the table, and as soon as preaching was over she would run right down home, and not wait for the services to close. I really pitied her, and wanted her to go, for her own sake. She was a good woman and has been in heaven a great many years. But I had a selfish motive beyond that, for wanting to get her off to the meeting.

I barely waited until I thought she was round the corner, about 60 feet away. I slid the lid from the Dutch oven with the tongs. I intended to twist portions of the brown breast off and chew and spit them out; I believed that would satisfy me; I had no idea in the world that I should swallow one particle of it. But mouthful after mouthful went down. There was neither compunction nor fear. It was Heaven on earth. It might kill me; I did not think of that, nor care. It would have required more than a pointed pistol to have got me away from the Dutch oven. I was complete master of the situation. I had a perfect set of teeth; and it was a very brief space of time when every vestige of both pullets, stuffing and all, had utterly disappeared, the bones chewed and spit out, and the gravy swab'd up with a huge light biscuit from the skillet; so help me God.

Just as the last bite had been swallowed the carriage rattled up to the door, and Susan came bounding into the room. I lost no time in telling her where my wife was, and of what I had done. She was greatly alarmed, and said it would kill me. Inside of five minutes, my brother-in-law having delivered his team to the ostler, came in, and having heard the story, was off for the doctor in the face of my most positive protests; and he had no more than left the door when my wife entered. Having learned the state of the case, she began to cry piteously, and to reproach herself for having left me; and that started her sister, and just when they were giving vent to their feelings in sobs and copious tears, in popped the doctor, panting and blowing, and made things 10 times worse by beginning a tirade of scolding because I had been left alone; and then whopped himself down on a chair by the stand, and ordered warm water prepared.

The doctor must receive a little special notice. To say that he was a comical looking man, would be true, but would not be all. He was comical in many ways. His spine curved backwards. His shoulders rose up, or rather his head was lowered, so that the points of the shoulders stood about opposite antihelix of the ear. He had a very large head, and broad face wholly unrelieved by beard or whiskers. His eyes were nearly twice the ordinary size; and a large mouth with thick fleshy lips. He walked with a brisk step, and always kept his face about square front, and maintained a solemn, or rather sedate and meditative countenance. He stood high as a medical practitioner and surgeon.

I kept my eye on him, full of amusement, and finally laughed outright. He turned his broad queer face upon me, which only increased my risibles, and asked me what I was laughing at. I told him I was laughing at his emetic. He said he thought I would laugh out of the other side of my mouth before midnight. I then said, "well, Doctor, to make this matter short, I won't the emetic." "Won't take it?" he would see if I didn't. I told him I never felt better since I was born, and that if I should feel the approach of danger, I would apprise him in time. He asked me if I was in earnest. I told him it was impossible to be more so. "Then," said he, "you will be a dead man before morning." My reply was, that in that case I should have the pleasure of dying with a full stomach. The tears and entreaties of the women, nor the Doctor's threats availed nothing; I did not take the emetic, but went to bed and to sleep. It was the first night's sleep I had had since I was taken sick.

The Doctor was to be called if I breathed heavily. He came at daylight and found me sleeping and breathing tranquilly, and with a soft cool skin. He came again at 8 o'clock and found me at the breakfast table, eating hot biscuit and whatever I wanted. He asked me how I felt. I told him I was well—perfectly well, lacking only flesh and strength. "Well," said he, "as you are going away to-day, I have called to give you some directions; when you get up to I——, the first thing you do, find a butcher and contract with him to kill one medium-sized beef each week, and eat it all yourself; and if that should not be sufficient, have him to throw in an extra quarter."

Such is the story of the pullets. They went into my stomach inside of half an hour. What became of them I don't know. There were six persons in the room that was to witness my death before morning. They are all in their graves long since. I am here yet.

English Bulls.

Of bulls in the sense of blunders pure and simple, I have heard as good specimens in England as I ever heard in Ireland. Take, for instance, the three following:

An English Peer, when speaking some years ago in the House of Lords on the necessity of passing some Coercion Bill for Ireland, and reproaching the Government of that day for their delaying to do so, observed that "this delay might be very convenient for the Ministers, but that it was not quite so convenient for those Irish landlords who were meanwhile being frequently murdered."

An English clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of 20,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Another English clergyman, waxing sarcastic in the pulpit over the enormities of the age, exclaimed: "And these things, my brethren, are done in the so called nineteenth century."

Here are three prize bulls, and all of them of pure English breed—not a drop of "Hirish" blood in one of them.—*London Spectator.*

A Smart Boy.

"Dat boy," said a colored gentleman, referring to his son, "why, he's de smartest chile in de lan'. Dat boy, why, he is got er high edycation."

"How far advanced is he?" some one asked.

"Who, dat chile? Why, he's mighty high got all de way, dat's how far 'vanced he is."

"Well, but what can he do?"

"Whe, dat boy? What is it he kain' do? He can read dese heah signs what de white folks paints on de fences, an' it takes er mighty sharp chile ter do dat, lemme tell yer. But dat ain't de climax o' what he kin do. He kin read dese leathered-kivered books. Mos' any boy ken read one o' dese heah paper-back books, an' any ordinary pussen ken han'le de newspapers, an' fambles, but when he takes down one o' dese here leather-kivered books an' reads off de talk, why he's gwine ter be a lawyer, shoe yer bo'n. Doan talk ter me 'bout dat chile, 'case I know him. I'se seed him han'in figgers wid bof han's."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Had Been Looking for Him.

"Hello, old man," said a gentleman on Whitehall street, stopping a negro in front of a shoe store; "what've you got in that bundle?"

"Pa's shoes, sar, dat I jist got in de stosh dar."

"Did the proprietor know you got them?"

"G'lon 'way fum hyar, boss; whatcher mean by eastin' such 'marks at a po' nigguh? In co'se de gemmen knowed it."

"Well I don't think he did," answered the white man, "and as I am the owner of the store I reckon I'd better hand you over to the police."

The negro grew pale and huskily said: "Isyer, fer a fac, boss?"

"I am; and now tell me what I am to understand by such actions."

"Nuffin, sar, cept I bin a waitin' fer yer, an' bein' as yer was so long a comin', I cluded ter go out and look yer up. What's dey wuth?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Practice Versus Theory.

The following good story comes from an authentic source: Some years ago the floods carried away a bridge on the Michigan Central, and, until it could be replaced, there was a suspension of traffic. Said the General Superintendent to the blunt, hard-working old master bridgebuilder: "You must put all your men on that bridge; they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight." The Chief Engineer shall furnish you with a plan, and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning the General Superintendent, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridgebuilder.

"Well," said the General, "did the engineer give you a plan for the bridge?"

"General," returned the old man, slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the pictur is or not."

They Were in Doubt.

A long-striped snake crawled into a basement saloon yesterday, and was in the middle of the room before anybody saw it. The inmates stood aghast and speechless for several seconds, when one of them, pointing his finger to the object, managed to articulate: "Do any of the rest of you see that?" They responded in a chorus: "Yes we all do." "It's a great relief to me to know it," said the first, "for I thought I was going to have another attack of malaria." "Me too!" responded the chorus, and then they fell on the snake with billiard cues and killed it.—*Yankton Press.*

The Population of Mexico.

The census of Mexico gives the population at 9,686,777. No State has a million, two States have less than 100,000, and several States have less than 200,000 inhabitants. But Senor Romero thinks that the population is really not far from 12,000,000. Eighty-two per cent. of the population lies south of the parallel of Tampico. More than half the wealth of the republic lies south of the northern boundary of the federal district in which Mexico City is situated.—*Galveston News.*

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

He Paid for it Despite the Passes in His Pocket.

You know that Sheridan and Lincoln passed through the city a short time ago, going West, on a fishing excursion, don't you? Well, when Phil and Bob struck Pittsburg they boarded the limited on the Fort Wayne bound for the West. Nothing happened until the conductor came around. Shortly after entering, the ticket puncher reached the quarter of the two travelers and politely accosted them with: "Tickets, please;" the little bullet headed, red-faced gentleman, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, produced his wallet and handed the conductor an envelope. The conductor glanced at the paper he found inside, and quietly remarked:

"No passes are taken on this train."

"The passes are regular; they are signed by the President," replied the little fellow, growing redder in the face.

"I have my orders and I am compelled to obey them," calmly replied the conductor.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm General Sheridan."

"Well, General Sheridan, I must obey orders. You and your friend must pay your fare before we reach Rochester, or I will be compelled to stop the train and put you off there."

By this time the passengers within earshot of the trio had become interested and the word passed until all knew that the bearers of the pass were none other than General Sheridan and Secretary of War Lincoln. The conductor passed on through the car and the distinguished dead heads probably thought everything was settled. But for once in his life time Phil met a man as stubborn as he is. In a short time the train slacked, and before it came to a dead stop the conductor re-entered the car, walked up to General Sheridan, gently tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Well, General, we are at Rochester."

Sheridan was taken aback and Lincoln looked annoyed. The General tried to argue the case with the conductor, but that official cut him short with the curt statement:

"We have no time for argument, General; this train is compelled to be on time. Please pay your fare or leave the car."

By this time Sheridan's face was crimsoned. He muttered something, but finally produced his wallet and paid his fare. After settling he asked the conductor for his name. The ticket puncher complied with the request and watched the angered warrior make the memorandum.

"I will report the matter to the president, sir."

"Very well, General," replied the train pilot, as he gave the signal to go ahead and resumed the duties of his office.

"Did Sheradan report the affair?" asked the companion of the narrator, of the above incident.

"Yes, indeed. A few days ago he received a letter from President Roberts, who returned the money and probably apologized for the conductor's rudeness."

"And what became of the conductor?"

"Oh, he's all right. He'll probably be promoted."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE TORPEDO BELL-KNOB.

The Cold Tea Man Invents a Great Scheme That Has a Back Action.

The Man with the Cold Tea Scheme looked morose and uncomfortable, as he masticated a toothpick and corrugated his brow. His looks were so uninvitingly unsocial that the Thin Man Without a Shirt Collar hesitated to address him. But at last sympathetic fellowship, tinged with curiosity, overcame his hesitancy, and the Thin Man politely inquired:

"Anything wrong, Mr. Goshorn?"

"Nothing special," somewhat snappishly responded the Cold Tea Man.

"Ain't got over your Fourth yet?"

"Ain't been on no Fourth."

"Couldn't you get a patriot's pass to Chicago?"

"Didn't want none."

"Mad because Tilden won't run?"

"Darn Tilden!"

"Tell us your excitement, Mr. Goshorn," said the Thin Man, persuasively.

"Why, Jarphly," said the Cold Tea Man, "I am simply disgusted. The best and most disinterested actions of a man's life are liable to be misconstrued, and oftimes the purest of motives are distorted by circumstances into deliberated wrongs, while our very kindnesses bring us enemies."

"Gosh!" said the Thin Man.

"It's a fact. Yes sir; a solid fact."

"Look at me. I've got one of the best mother-in-laws in the world. She's great on putting up preserves and pickles and jams and things, and besides that she makes the finest butter I have ever eaten. She's liberal, too, and keeps Sarah and me well supplied. But like all old people she is whimsical, and takes affront easy, and when she ascends to the pinnacle of her ear it's a month of Sundays before she comes down."

"But what has all that to do with unrequited affections?" asked the Thin Man.

"Just this. I'm living in a neighborhood where there are a great many mischievous boys. In fact the locality is full of them. I don't see what people want with so many boys. Common sense ought to tell them that the market is overstocked, and—"

"A producers' shut-down movement ought to be inaugurated, you think," suggested the Thin Man.

"Well, yes; something of that sort. You see these little rascals have got in the habit of pulling my door bell just for the fun of hearing me come to the door and swear. It's got to be a terrible nuisance, and Sarah and I put our heads together to find some way to stop it. We just wanted to scare them—not hurt them, you know. At last I invented a great scheme. I bored three gimlet holes just back of the bell knob and put powder in them. Then I fixed a precussion cap on behind, so that when the door knob was pulled it would explode the powder and give the little rascals a good fright."

"That was a great scheme."

"Oh, yes, it was a great scheme; but it kicked. I fixed it all up to work like a clock, and yesterday afternoon Sarah and I sat quiet in the front hall awaiting for the boys to come and take a pull. Presently we heard a step on the front stoop, and Sarah says: 'There they come.' 'Keep quiet,' says I; 'now there'll be fun.' And just then the door bell was jerked and the powder went off with a fizz and a bang, and there was the greatest clawing, screaming, and tumbling down steps that I ever heard in my life. I jumped up and threw the door open, and there lay Sarah's mother in a fit on the sidewalk. She'd just come to town to give us a surprise visit, and had got on that infernal door knob. All the explanations in the world would not satisfy her. As soon as she could stand up she went off, vowing we were savages and had made an attempt on her life to get her property, and this year we will have to do without preserves and country butter."

A Lowell Girl's Romance.

A Lowell mill girl thought she had talent with which to become an eminent actress. She saved all she could from her wages for several years and invested it in a theatrical venture in a small way—all except $60 which a friend surreptitiously took out of the fund and used in buying in her name a Florida land grant. She returned from her professional tour in a year, broken in purse and spirits, and ready to resume work at the loom; but the Florida purchase had happened to appreciate about a hundredfold in value, and therefore she can go to Paris for dramatic education.

Hints for Hot Weather.

Don't shake the hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't go near a draught. If a draught comes toward you, run away. A slight draught is most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bulldog to give up a yard which it is in possession. Possession to a bulldog is 10 points of law.

RECENT LITERATURE.

TWENTY YEARS OF CONGRESS—From Lincoln to Garfield, by James G. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's book, the first volume of which has been issued is the most important contribution to political literature that has ever been published. It is the most important because it treats of the most important era in the history of the country, and because no one living is so well qualified to write it. A man of wonderful power of description, of great literary skill, he would be the man of all others to undertake the work; but add to these natural gifts the fact that he was himself an actor in the event he has undertaken to describe, that he was on the inside of events during the entire period he describes, he may say of his work, "all of which I saw and part of which I was," his pre-eminent fitness for the work must be concluded.

Mr. Blaine was loved by Lincoln, and was his trusted adviser from his nomination at Chicago to the moment of his death in 1865. He was always prominent in Congress, and for many years the acknowledged leader of the Republican party. He was prominent in his opposition to Johnson, the leader during the two terms of Pres. Grant, and was Garfield's trusted Secretary. Certainly a man occupying this position during all these years was of all others the man to write their history.

The book has a more than ordinary value. It is not only a history of the 20 years from Lincoln to Garfield, but it is a political history of the United States. Mr. Blaine does not content himself with a mere consecutive narration of the events of the 20 years, but he goes back to the very beginning of the Republic and gives the reader the clearest and most satisfactory account that has been made of the occurrences that led to the tremendous events of the period.

The acquisition of Louisiana, the first beginning of the struggle over the question of slavery, the efforts made by the great men of both sections to avert what wiser men saw was inevitable, the various struggles over the admission of the new State, the compromises required after each fight, with biographical sketches of the men prominent in these struggles of giants, all this is faithfully written before the real history of the historic 20 years begins.

The early discussion of the Tariff makes an interesting as well as instructive chapter in the first volume, and the beginning of the great nullification troubles, another. Very full and accurate is the account of the war over the attempted introduction of slavery into Kansas and Nebraska, which was the actual beginning of the great rebellion.

The first volume ends with the conventions of the two parties in 1864.

We have neither time nor space for extracts from this remarkable book, nor are they necessary. The volume is an accurate history, written by a man of wonderful powers of observation and most actuate personal knowledge of the events he describes. It is written in in a style as simple and understandable as Robinson Crusoe, and whoever reads it carefully will arm himself with not only the facts of the great struggle, but he will have possessed himself of the philosophy of the great events that led to the greatest war of modern times.

Valuable in every possible way, the one great element of value is the most wonderfully accurate series of sketches of the actors in the stirring events in between Lincoln and Garfield. Mr. Blaine knew every man on both sides, intimately. He knew them, not superficially, but all the way through, and he has written of them impartially and candidly. He aims to make a just estimate of all, no matter whether he was his friend or foe. The analysis of character is wonderful, and his fairness and impartiality is quite as wonderful. Twenty-four years having elapsed since the beginning of the great drama, he has had time for consideration, and the result is more accuracy in judgment than would have been possible had it been written in the heat of the conflict, or at its close. The sketches of the members of the National Legislature, at the beginning and during the war, makes the book of inestimable value.

It should be in every house, not only for the better education of the youth of the country in its political history, but as a reliable book of reference. Every one who takes an interest in Governmental matters should have this most admirable work always at hand.

It is as necessary and as valuable as an encyclopedia or dictionary, in fact it is a political encyclopedia.

The book is published by the Henry Bill Publishing Company of Norwich, Conn., Oldham, Kelso & Co. being the agents for the State of Ohio. It is estimated that over 200,000 copies have been already sold, and the demand continues unabated.

THE SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES OF THE ANCIENT EASTERN WORLD, by George Rawlinson. In three volumes. New York, John B. Alden.

The publisher has done a good thing for the reading public of the United States in reproducing these volumes. They contain the history, geography, and antiquities of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, Persia, Parthia and the Sassanian or new Persian Empire, with maps and illustrations in profusion.

The student of ancient history will find this work of especial value. The story of the ancient empires is told consecutively and in an understandable way, the maps and engravings are from the best sources and aid materially in comprehending the text. All the reliable authorities have been drawn upon, and the result is a work that has interest to the reader for amusement as well as the student who desires history and philosophy.

The volumes are profusely illustrated. There are hundreds of copies of reliefs from monuments and long-destroyed palaces, which give an accurate idea of the manners and customs of the ancient races whose history is detailed.

The student of ancient history can do no better than to procure these volumes for there is nothing important omitted. They comprise all that has been written of the history of the seven great monarchies, and it is done in a style that rises above dry detail. The books are of interest and may be read with pleasure as well as profit.

A DOUBLE LIFE OR STARR CROSS. An Hypnotic Romance. By Herbert E. Chase. Published by S. W. Greene's Sons, New York. Price $1.

Those who complain that nearly all novels of our day lack plot and incident, will certainly not bring that charge against "A Double Life." In ingenuity of construction it reminds one of Jules Verne's best work; in its incursions into the border-land that lies between mind and matter, of Bulwer's "Strange Story," and in the clever use made of mesmerism, of Dumas' "Joseph Balsamo." It is, in short, the kind of novel that it is impossible to leave unfinished when one has read the first pages.

OUR CARAVAN DAYS. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Illustrated. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Price, $1.25.

The thousands of readers who have followed this delightful story through the pages of *Wide Awake* will hail its appearance in book form with pleasure. It is so bright and fresh, so natural in its incidents and so full of local color that it seems like a record of real events which happened to real characters. Few juvenile books bear so strong marks of originality or present more vivid pictures. The interest of the book is by no means confined to the juvenile reader.

A PALACE-PRISON; or The Past and the Present. A Novel. 16mo. Cloth, $1.00. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

This is certainly a peculiar book, and a strong one; peculiar, in that its action, while passed in the very midst of our most civilized communities, is so strange and unfamiliar; strong, not so much in any force of literary expression as in intense vital force and evident truthfulness. It is aimed at the methods taken to treat the insane, both out of the asylum and in. The story is thrilling and touching.

ESSAYS AND LEAVES FROM A NOTE BOOK. By George Eliot. Published by Harper Bros., New York.

This volume is a collection of articles written by George Eliot in the Westminster *Review*, before she became famous. They were arranged by herself before her death, and in the order they here appear. They need no recommendation, for this writer is too well known and loved to make it necessary. The volume will be a welcome addition to any library.

A BOY'S WORKSHOP, with plans and designs for Indoor and Outdoor work. By a Boy and His Friends, with an Introduction by Henry Randall Waite. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Price $1.00.

The contents of the book include among other things instructions about furnishing the workshop; how to use the different tools; how to make various useful and ornamental articles; how to make a wooden tent, how to photograph; how to tie the different knots in ropes, and much other useful information.

CAMPING AND CRUISING IN FLORIDA. By James A. Henshall, M. D. Published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Price $1.50.

This volume contains a full account of the perils and pleasures, joys and tribulations of a life in the wilds and on the waters of Florida, as described by a naturalist, yachtsman, sportsman, and physician. It has graphic sketches of camping, sailing, fishing, and hunting in the wonder-land of Southern Florida, embodying faithful descriptions of it natural features, scenery, and climate; interesting and amusing experiences with its settlers, "Crackers," and Indians, pleasing and instructive accounts of its animals, birds, fishes and reptiles; and reliable information regarding its soil and products. It is profusely illustrated with characteristic sketches by a Floridian artist —Mr. Geo. W. Potter.

ACHOR. A Sequel to "The Triple E." By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. Price $1.50.

Those who have read the intensely interesting volume which precedes this, will find in the story of "Achor" a clearing up of the mystery which enveloped her life, and a happy termination of all her troubles. The same characters which gave life and interest to "The Triple E" reappear in the present pages. It is bound in uniform style and size with the preceding volumes of the Yensie Walton Series, of which it is the last, and is handsomely illustrated.

BUT A PHILISTINE. By Virginia F. Townsend. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a curious sort of a story about a young girl who won the love of a man of wealth, whom she cordially respected, but nothing more. It details her struggles to bring herself to accept him and the life of luxury which awaited her as his wife. The story is fairly written, and will hold the reader until the end.

THE DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA TO THE YEAR 1525. By Arthur James Weise, M. A. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

To those who are interested in the accounts and traditions concerning the condition of America in the long ago this book will prove of great interest. The author has given much time to the study of old and rare books and manuscripts, and has spared no effort to bring to light everything that can be of assistance in getting an idea of the civilization that prevailed among a people who have passed so entirely off of the face of the earth. The volume is well worth a careful perusal, and many would rise from its reading with new ideas in regard to the past of this country.

BY-WAYS OF NATURE AND LIFE. By Clarence Deming. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The papers that make up this volume have already appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, where they met with much favor. They were penned, the author says, in out-of-the-way places of nature and life, during trips on two continents, extending over three years of time and some 80,000 miles of distance. They are full of freshness and will be found exceedingly readable, being a most pleasant occupation for this Summer weather.

MARTIN MERRIVALE. His X mark. By J. T. Trowbridge. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

The author of this story is a writer well known for his humorous way of teling incidents, and also for the pathos which he manages to bring in opposition to the humor. In this volume he carries the boy "Martin Merrivale" through a series of experiences which are full of interest, and a tragedy which works out to a pleasant ending.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of the *Living Age* for June 21 and 28 and July 5, contain James Hope Scott, *Quarterly*; Frederick Denison Maurice, *British Quarterly*; The Princess Alice's Letters, *Contemporary*; "Italia Redenta," The Clothes of Religion, and Letters from an Idle Woman's Post-Bag, 1884, *National Review*; Fashionable Philosophy, *Blackwood*; Henry Greville's Diary, and Hawthorne's Essays, *Temple Bar*; My Arab, *Cornhill*; The Library of a Lady in the Seventeenth Century, *Leisure Hours*; Valentine Baker, *Army and Navy Magazine*; Wild Flowers of Irish Speech, Instruction in Geography, and The "Clothes of Religion," *Spectator*; Dr. Goodford, and Tennyson on "The Princess," *Academy*; Five Letters of Pope, *Athenæum*; The abandonment of Wind-Power, *Chambers' Journal*; Arminius Vambery, and Earthquakes in England, *All the Year Round*; The Coins of Venice, *Antiquary*; Wharton's Commentaries, *London Literary World*; with Instalments of "The Baby's Grandmother," "Beauty and the Beast," "A Mysterious Dwelling," "Moonlight and Floods" and "Mitchelhurst Place," and Poetry. A new volume begins with July.

THE SEASON.

The August number of this popular fashion magazine has been received. It contains two large plates of wedding, toilette and promenade dresses; two historical costume pictures of a Parisian gentleman in evening dress in 1826, and Parisian lady in ball dress in 1822; 151 illustrations of dress and needle work; 18 flat paper patterns; besides designs, initial letters, embroidery, crochet work, novelties, etc., without number. Published by the International News Company, 31 Beekman street, New York.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The *Overland Monthly* for July opens with a second study of the curious and interesting parallelism between the legal customs devised by boys among themselves and those of primitive adult society, especially among the German races. Col. Birkedal follows the historical resume he gave last month of the South American Republics with an illustrated paper upon the geography, population, customs, etc., of Amazon. The serial, "A Shepherd at Court," which was begun in the October number, comes to an artistic close—only too soon—in this issue. This serial has kept up a strong interest from first to last, being at once spirited and refined. Two other entertaining stories, several sketches, essays and poems, with the editorial department, complete the number. The magazine takes editorially, in speaking of the Civil Service Reform bill, an independent ground in politics, placing itself as bound to neither party, but pledged to advocate honesty, purity, and intelligence, and oppose stupidity and corruption in either.

DORCAS MAGAZINE.

The July number of this excellent magazine fully keeps up the reputation the first few numbers established for itself. The lovers of knitting and crocheting will find treasures here in the shape of patterns. Several very pretty ones are given in the current issue, some of them being illustrated. Published at 872 Broadway, New York.

WANDERING WHIMSICALITIES.

Men acquire wisdom by marriage. They are constantly taking courses of lectures.

Baseball is like the yellow fever—nothing can stop it but cold weather.

Familiarity doesn't always breed contempt. For instance, there is the girl and ice cream.

"As we travel through life let us live by the weigh," as the coal dealer said when he fixed his scales to suit him.

"Yes," she said, "I think I can coax him into proposing, but I don't care a snap for him. I know after hooking him he'll back out and I'll get damages for a breach of promise just about Christmas time."

Little Jack—If you don't do as I say I won't play.

Little Dick—Then you are a mean, selfish boy, that's all.

Little Jack—I ain't: I'm a patriot.

Little Dick—A patriot?

Little Jack—Yes, I'm a bolter, like pa.

A reporter on an Eastern paper, in describing a fire, said that "the red flames danced in the heavens and flung their fiery arms like a black funeral pall, until Sam Brown got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water."

Young Wife—"Why do you invite that odious Mr. Goode to the house, John?"

John—"Odious? Why he is noted for his benevolence and nobility of soul. Besides being very tender-hearted he has charmingly unaffected manners."

"Well, I think he is horrid. He is a perfect brute."

"You certainly used to admire him. What has he done?"

"Why, last evening I showed him our precious little darling, and he said all babies looked alike to him."

OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

An exchange has a complicated article on the "art of sewing." It is calculated to make old bachelors regard the thread and needle they use to sew on shirt buttons with increased wonder and awe.

A old bachelor who refuses to get married gives as his excuse that two is an unlucky number. That is very easily remedied. His mother-in-law can come in and live with them, and everybody knows that three is a lucky number.

"What should we do if your sister got to be such an old maid that her matrimonial credit was all gone and we couldn't get anybody to take her?" asked Mr. Dumpsey of Johnnie.

Johnnie (who has been reading up on financial affairs)—"Appoint a receiver, pa."

In the Bible of an old maid who died recently of age, a well-thumbed page was found, on the margin of which was written: "Naomi was 580 years old before she married." It is supposed from this that the ancient damsel lived in hope up to the day of her death.

"I don't take much stock in the widow's mite," mused an old bachelor.

"Why not?" asked an acquaintance.

"Because, the only woman I ever asked to marry me said that she might, if I were only good looking and had money. She afterwards married another fellow, whom she pounded to death; and I imagine he found her might altogether too mighty."

The Camp Fire.

CHRONOLOGY.

1861.

July 11, Rich Mountain, W Va—8th, 10th and 13th Indiana and 19th Ohio Volunteers.

July 12, Barboursville (also designated Red House), W Va—2d Kentucky Volunteers.

July 14, Carrick's Ford, W Va—14th Ohio, 9th and 7th Indiana Volunteers.

July 16, Millsville or Wentzville (North Mo R R), Mo—8th Missouri Volunteers.

July 17, Fulton, Mo—Missouri Reserves (400 men).

July 17, Scarytown, W Va—2d Kentucky, 12th and 21st Ohio Volunteers, and 1st Ohio Battery.

July 17, Marshsburg, Mo—1st Missouri Reserves (one company).

July 17, Bunker Hill, Va—Detachment of Gen Patterson's command.

1862.

July 11, Williamsburg, Va—Organizations not recorded.

July 11, Pleasant Hill, Mo—1st Iowa Cavalry and Missouri Militia.

July 11, New Hope, Ky—33d Ohio Volunteers.

July 12, Lebanon, Ky—Lebanon Home Guards and 38th Kentucky Volunteers.

July 12, near Culpeper, Va—1st Maryland, 1st Vermont, 1st West Virginia, and 5th New York Cavalry.

July 13, Fairfax (near Rapidan R R Bridge), Va—1st Maryland Cavalry.

July 13, Murfreesboro, Tenn—9th Michigan and 3d Pennsylvania Volunteers, 4th Kentucky and 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and 1st Kentucky Battery.

July 14, Batesville, Ark—4th Iowa Cavalry.

July 15, Attempt to Destroy the Rebel Ram, Arkansas—Carondelet, Queen of the West, Tyler, and Essex, and 4th Wisconsin Volunteers.

July 15, Apache Pass, A T—2d California Cavalry.

July 15, Fayetteville, Ark—Union troops, commanded by Maj W H Miller, 2d Wisconsin Cavalry.

July 15, near Decatur, Tenn—Detachment of 1st Ohio Cavalry.

July 17, Cynthiana, Ky—18th Kentucky Volunteers, Cynthiana, Newport, Cincinnati, and Bracken County Home Guards, and 7th Kentucky Cavalry; Morgan's raid.

1863.

July 11, Hagerstown, Md—Cavalry, Army of the Potomac.

July 12, Funkstown, Md—Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery of the Army of the Potomac.

July 12, Vernon, Ind—Indiana Minute Men; Morgan's raid.

July 12, Ashby Gap, Va—2d Massachusetts Cavalry.

July 13, Yazoo City, Miss—Maj-Gen Herron's Division, assisted by three gunboats under Admiral Porter.

July 13, Jackson, Tenn—3d Michigan, 3d Iowa, and 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and 9th Illinois Cavalry.

July 13, Donaldsville, or Kock's Plantation, La—Portions of Wietzel's and Grover's Divisions of the 9th Corps.

July 13 to 15, Draft Riots, New York City—Over 1,000 of the rioters were killed and wounded.

July 14, Lawrenceburg, Ind—105th Indiana Minute Men firing into each other; Morgan's raid.

July 15, Falling Waters, Md—3d Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac.

June 14, Elk River, Tenn—Advance of the 14th Corps, Maj George H Thomas, Army of the Cumberland.

July 14, Shady Spring, W Va—2d West Virginia Cavalry.

July 14, near Bolivar Heights, Va—1st Connecticut Cavalry.

July 15, Pulaski, Ala—5d Ohio and 5th Tennessee Cavalry.

July 15, Halltown, Va—16th Pennsylvania and 1st Maine Cavalry.

July 16, Jackson, Miss—Evacuated by the Confederates.

July 16, Sheppard-town, Va—1st, 4th and 16th Pennsylvania, 1st Maine, and 10th New York Cavalry.

July 16, Secessionville, James Island, S C—Troops commanded by Brig-Gen Terry; skirmish during siege of Fort Wagner.

July 17, Homer Springs, Elk Creek, Ind Ter—2d, 6th and 9th Kansas Cavalry, 2d and 3d Kansas Batteries, and 2d and 3d Kansas Indian Home Guards.

1864.

July 11 to 22, Rousseau's Raid in Alabama and Georgia—7th Indiana, 5th Iowa, 9th Ohio, 2d Kentucky, and 5th Tennessee Cavalry, and Battery D, 1st Michigan Artillery.

July 11, Pontotoc, Miss—8th Wisconsin, 5th Minnesota and 11th Missouri Volunteers, and 2d Iowa Cavalry; Smith's expedition to Tupelo.

July 12, Fort Stephens, Washington, D C—1st and 2d Divisions, 6th Corps, 22d Corps, convalescents, Marines, Home Guards and citizens.

July 12, Petit Jean, Arkansas River

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

E. D., Aurora, Ill., writes: "G. P. C.," of Lube, Kan., will find the answer to his second question to be "Kenelworth."

H. B., Fredericksburg, Mo.:

Please tell me if there is any paper or papers published in Lawrence County, Ark.

Times, at Smithville.

A. E., Malvern, Ark.:

What is the best and cheapest mode to get rid of partially decayed pine and oak stumps?

Blasting powder, probably.

R. I. L., West Branch, Ia.:

Is there any punishment for the mutilation of United States money? If so, what?

Yes; imprisonment for not more than two years and fine not to exceed $2,000.

G. M., McLouth, Kan:

1. Where can I obtain Mark Twain's works? 2. Where can I obtain the poem in which occurs the line, "Though you have left a parent's wing."

1. Brown & Eager, Toledo, O. 2. Haven't the least idea.

L. H., Jackson C. H., W. Va.:

Suppose that Sue and Eva are each proper names, and we desire to call our baby by the two as one name, how should it be spelled?

If you are determined to inflict such a name on an innocent child, make it as brief as possible, and spell it Sueva.

C. M. M., Toledo, O.:

Please let me know how and where to address letters that will reach the English, German, French, Belgium and Spanish Patent Offices.

We suppose a letter addressed to the Patent Office at the capital of each Nation would reach the proper officer. Or direct to the American representative, with request to deliver.

J. S., Cave Mich.:

1. Did Blaine ever make a speech, either in or out of Congress, opposing foreign immigration? 2. Also, did Gen. Logan offer his services to the Confederacy at the breaking out of the war?

1. No. He did make a speech, saying there should be a restriction on the wholesale landing of paupers in this country, the most of them being shipped from England. 2. Not a word of truth in it.

Sub., Mackinville, Ind.:

1. How did Luther get the name "Spoon Butler?" 2. What has been the cost per year since 1865 to keep up the Pension Office Department, pensions not included?

1. Through charges made by rebels that he had confiscated private property, including spoons, while he was in command at New Orleans. All the property that Ben "confiscated" was turned over to the Government, and he has shown receipts for every article. 2. The salaries and expenses of pension agents last year amounted to $288,154.92.

T. H., Dugger, Ind:

Tell me what to mix with plaster Paris to make moulds, and how to make it hard in moulds?

Mix up the plaster of Paris with a weak solution of gum arabic (one ounce to one pint of water); or, for common purposes, a weak solution of zinc. If equal parts of calcined plaster of Paris and of sulphate of potassa be mixed together, they will harden in a moment, with less than an equivalent weight of water; so much so, indeed, that the mixture cannot be poured out of the vessel. If, however, one part of each of the salts and two of water be used, they form a mass which cannot be poured out, and the surface of which will be found coated with a crust of sulphate of potash. The rapidity of hardening, therefore, can be made to vary with the percentage of water, the mass solidifying even if six parts of water be used.

Reader, Weaver's Station, O.:

1. Give names of the men who composed the Electoral Commission and their politics. 2. By whom were they appointed?

1. On the part of the Supreme Court—Clifford, Strong, Miller, Field and Bradly. Senators —Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman, and Bayard. Representatives—Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Garfield and Hoar. 2. Republicans—Strong, Clifford, Miller, Bradly, Edmunds, Morton, Garfield and Hoar; the others Democrats.

3. Each House appointed its own members. The bill provided that the "Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States now assigned to the First, Third, Eighth and Ninth Circuits, shall select, in such manner as a majority of them shall deem fit, another of the Associate Justices of said Court, which five persons shall be members of said Commission; and the person longest in Commission of said five Justices shall be the President of said Commission."

Sub., Bay, Mo.:

1. Please give a sketch of the life of Gen. Hancock. 2. Also of Gen. Sheridan. 3. Why does Mr. Locke call himself "Nasby?"

1. Born in Montgomery County, Pa., February 14, 1824; graduated from West Point, 1844; brevetted First Lieutenant for good conduct at Cherubusco, leaving Mexico Quartermaster of his regiment; served in the war against the Seminoles; Brigadier General September 23, 1861; served under Franklin in the Peninsular campaign, and distinguished himself by a bayonet charge at Williamsburg. He was conspicuous at South Mountain and Antietam, and on the fall of Gen. Richardson was placed in command of his division of Sumner's army corps, which he led in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. June 23, 1863, he received the command of the second army corps, and in the battle of Gettysburg was severely wounded; Major General Volunteers, November 29, 1862; commanded the second corps in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, etc.; commanded in the battles of Deep Bottom, Ream's Station, and Boydtown Plank Road, and engaged in the siege of Petersburg; Brigadier General U. S. A., August 12, 1864; brevet Major General March 13, 1865; and Major General U. S. A., July 26, 1866. 2. We recently gave a sketch of his life. 3. Nasby was the name of an old Bourbon Democrat of Crawford County, O., where Mr. Locke formerly resided.

F. G., Virginia, Wis:

1. Will you please give me some information concerning the inhabitants of the Isle of Man? 2. How could I find out where to write for a paper, if there is such a paper published there?

1. The area is 227 square miles, and the population about 60,000. The chief towns are Castletown, the capital, Peel, Douglas and Ramsay. The government is vested in the Queen in Council, the Governor and the "House of Keys," a self perpetuating body, consisting of 24 landed proprietors, who are considered the representatives of the people, and whose concurrence is necessary to give validity to every law. The acts of the British Parliament do not affect the Isle of Man unless expressly extended to it. The Governor is appointed by the Crown and assisted by a Council of officers. The island was originally peopled by the Manx, a Celtic tribe, whose language, a sub-dialect of the Gaelic or Celtic, forming one branch with the Erse and Irish, is still spoken in the northwest and west, though English is generally understood. The island was held for some time as a feudal sovereignty by the Earls of Derby and afterwards by the Dukes of Athol, from whom the sovereignty and revenues were purchased by the Crown in 1765 for the sum of £70,000, to which an annuity of £2,000 was subsequently added. The remaining interest was purchased in 1829 for £416,114. The soil is fruitful, but agriculture is not in a very forward state. Oats, barley, wheat, potatoes, turnips and hay are the principal crops. The climate is mild and equable. The Isle possesses a breed of cats having either no tail, or at most a merely rudimental substitute for it. 2. Address President of King William's College, Castletown.

D. N., New Bavaria, O.: The revenue from customs for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1883, was $214,706,496.53. The cost of collecting the customs revenue was $6,549,565.07.

A. P. V., Sykeston, Dak.:

1. Has the tree culture act been repealed? 2. Is the pre-emption law the same as it was one year ago?

1. No. 2. Yes.

Old soldier, Windsor, Mo: The Zuni land story, of which you send a slip, is a campaign slander. It was so effectually answered by Sen. Logan himself in the United States Senate, on Saturday, July 5, that even his enemies frankly acknowledge there is nothing more to be said on the subject.

W. H. P., Gillespie, Ill.:

1. What is the difference between the tariff bill passed in 1883 and the Morrison bill? 2. Is Gen. Hancock a relative of John Hancock, who signed the Declaration of Independence?

1. The Morrison bill proposed still further reductions—in short, was a long step in the direction of free trade. 2. No.

Carrie, Boothe, Ky.:

What is the best method of caring for Autumn leaves?

Autumn leaves when picked should be put between the leaves of a book, or between sheets of paper where they can be pressed to prevent their curling as they dry. A good method of caring for them is, when dry, to paste them in fancy designs on stiff card paper, and varnish them.

Farmer, Baranca, N. M.:

Please give directions for making cheap artificial building stone.

A large number of houses have been constructed in Paris for workmen, of the following materials: One hundred parts of plaster of Paris, ten parts hydraulic lime, five parts liquid glue, and five hundred parts cold water, are intimately mixed and poured into moulds of any desired size and shape; and in half an hour the form can be removed. The stones are then exposed in the open air for two weeks, until they are thoroughly dry. When the materials are abundant, it is said to be 25 per cent. cheaper than quarried stone.

M. M. F., West Dryden, N. Y.:

1. Who was the Great Commoner, and why so called? 2. What President was inaugurated drunk? 3. Why are questions written to the Correspondents' Department upon postal cards left unanswered?

1. William Pitt, for more than 30 years leader in the House of Commons. He was hated by the King and almost worshipped by the people. 2. The charge has been made that Johnson was drunk when he took the oath of office. 3. We answer a great many questions written on postals. Hundreds of questions reach us that are of no public interest; hundreds that cannot be answered, and hundreds that have been answered. Two questions stricken out of your letter have been answered.

R. M. O., Bridgeport, Tenn:

I want to know something about the sect of Harmonists. Who was the founder, what were his objects, etc?

The founder of the sect was George Rapp, a native of Wurtemburg. He believed he had a divine call to restore the Christian religion to its original purity, and he organized a community on what he held was the model of the Christian Church in apostolic days. All goods were held in common. But the sect did not prosper as was anticipated, through difficulties which arose between the community and the Government, and, under Rapp's leadership, they removed in 1805 to the United States, settling in Butler County, Pa., and founding the village of Harmony, on Conequenessing Creek. There they remained, engaged in agriculture and manufacturing, until 1815, when they removed to the Territory of Indiana. They bought a tract of 27,000 acres of land on the Wabash and built New Harmony, which is now in Posey County. There they remained until 1824, when they sold the property to Robert Dale Owen and returned to Pennsylvania, this time settling in Beaver County, where the Town of Economy was laid out. The Harmonists admit members of both sexes, but they do not marry. They profess Protestantism, are said to observe strict morality, and devote much attention to education. The colony now numbers about 100 old men and women, and have accumulated property valued in the neighborhood of $10,000,000.

Reader, Chalmers, Ind.:

Will you give a brief description of the process of manufacturing gunpowder?

Gunpowder is a compound of niter, or saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur. The ingredients are refined and pulverized. Then each particle of ingredient is brought into close contact with the others; the pulverized materials are mixed in a rolling barrel, and then ground under heavy cast-iron wheels following each other in a circular cast-iron trough. The mass is compressed to give it the necessary density and strength to resist the shocks of transportation; the fragments of the cake as they come from the wheel-mill are broken down under rollers, and then spread out into layers about four inches thick, and separated by brass plates; these are brought under a powerful hydraulic press which compresses the layers to a thickness of an inch. For the purpose of increasing and regulating the combustion, graining follows, which consists of breaking up the compressed cake in small fragments or grains; then the grains are rolled in a barrel for a certain length of time, and this operation is called glazing. The moisture which has been introduced at the various stages of manufacture is dried out by spreading out the powder on shelves in a room heated by steam to a temperature of 140 to 180 Fahrenheit. The last step is the dusting, which is to remove the fine grains and dust, which would otherwise fill up the interstices and retard inflammation, and this is done by means of fine sieves and bolting cloths. In regard to the first step, the refining and pulverizing, it may be said that the charcoal and sulphur are broken up in mills made for the purpose, and that the niter is usually sufficiently pulverized when it comes from the refinery. The charcoal is pulverized by rolling it in cast-iron barrels with zinc balls, and about the same method is used with the sulphur, except that the barrel is a leather one stretched on a wooden frame. The niter comes chiefly from the East Indies; the charcoal is obtained by distilling the lighter kinds of wood in iron retorts, and the sulphur comes principally from Sicily.

Sub., Elmira, Mich:

1. Give a brief account of Mahomet, the Arabian Prophet. 2. Where do wild geese roar their youngs? 3. What are the chief products of Alaska Territory? 4. Is Sam Hildebrand, the bushwhacker of Missouri, still living?

1. He was born in the City of Mecca, in 570. He was early left an orphan, and was educated by his uncle, a wealthy merchant. As soon as his education was completed he was made superintendent of his uncle's large caravans, constantly trading between the Arabian capital of Mecca and the Syrian metropolis of Damascus. It was during the long, monotonous days passed on his camel's back that the idea of blending the many opposite parties and Arabian sects into one united religious community took firm hold of his mind. When, at the age of 25, he resigned his position and retired to a solitary cave near Mecca, where he mused over plans to bring about the fulfilment of his idea. Though reported to be living in total isolation, he called to his assistance four individuals to aid him in framing that code of maxims and canons which was ultimately to become a new and powerful creed. Having very materially strengthened his position, both socially and politically, by marrying a wealthy widow named Khadijah, he, when in his 40th year, openly proclaimed to the world his appointment as God's prophet on earth and the dogma that there was but one God, and that he (Mahomet) was his prophet. His proselytism met with such poor encouragement that for a considerable time his followers only numbered eight persons, including his wife. These met with such persecution, that, to save their lives, they were compelled to separate and seek safety in flight. Mahomet was soon captured, but his entreaties prevailed over his enemies and he was allowed to continue his flight. This memorable deliverance was commemorated in after years by the name of the Hegira, and gave origin to the era from which, in all Mohammedan countries, years and events are dated. Once firmly established in his new home, friends flocked to him, and his converts were numbered by hundreds. He armed his followers and led them against his former enemies, confiscating their property and spreading terror in their ranks. With the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, and followed by an army of blind enthusiasts, Mahomet in 10 years had conquered all opposition in Arabia, then advanced into Syria and compelled the most opulent cities to purchase their safety by immense sums of money and yearly tribute. His career was brought to a close by a Jewess, who mixed poison with his food, of which he partook at a public feast. He only left one legitimate daughter, Fatima, who married Mahomet's pupil and friend, Ali. 2. The nest is built on the ground in some retired spot near the water, of dried plants; and the young are able to follow their parents to the water in a day or two. 3. Gold, silver, petroleum, copper, iron, lead, cinnabar, sulphur, etc., are known to exist, but exhaustive experiments there are in their infancy yet. At present the principal revenue is derived from the fur trade. 4. Think not.

C. G. C., Clariton, Ia.:

1. Of what is the clay, used by sculptors and artists, composed? 2. Is Ernest Warren an English or American writer?

1. The common modeling material of the sculpture is potters' or plastic clay, containing lime and magnesia, with more or less oxide of iron. Mixed with water, it becomes exceedingly plastic. 2. English.

Sub., Milledgeville, Pa.:

Please give full directions for making and applying a coating of some kind that will be sure to stop the leaks in a roof caused by chinks and shakes in the shingles.

Take four pounds resin, one pint linseed oil, two ounces red lead, and stir in pulverized sand until the proper consistency is secured, and apply it warm.

A. C. L., Hazelton, Kan.:

When was Andersonville prison first used, how long was it a prison, and how many prisoners were there at one time?

The prison was established November 27, 1863, and used till March, 1865. The whole number of prisoners registered was 49,485; number of deaths recorded, 12,462; August 9, 1864, there were 33,006 prisoners there. The number of escaping prisoners was reported as 328.

A. L., Ioka, Ia.:

Please tell us the time, nature and arrangements for the Exposition at New Orleans.

It will begin December 1, 1884, and last till May, 1885. Its nature will be something after the manner of the Centennial Exposition, and it is expected to eclipse that event. The arrangements are in good hands, with plenty of money raised or pledged to make it a success. All the States and Territories will be represented, and nearly all foreign countries will have exhibits. The building, now under contract, is the largest of the kind ever erected.

D. J. R., Estherville, Ia.:

When a man is looking at goods, and the price has been named, has the merchant any right to name a higher figure?

A seller has the right to advance his terms while the buyer is examining the goods at any time before the latter closes with the offer. If a person at a distance is offered goods at a certain price and closes with the offer by mail before notice of withdrawal, the offer is binding. But a notice of a change in terms received by him before he sends his acceptance is sufficient to release the seller. Where the seller and buyer are both present, the latter may accept the terms of the former, and that closes the bargain; but if he hesitates, either for the purpose of examining the goods or of making up his mind, the seller may in that interval put up his price, and is not bound by the first offer.

T. D. R., Delphos, O.:

Is there any remedy for American blight? If there is, please give it.

Take one-half peck quicklime, one-half pound flowers of sulphur, and one-quarter pound lamp black. Mix with boiling water, enough to form a thick paint. With this, in the Winter, when the leaves are off, paint the branches, having first removed all loose bark. In doing this, be sure to remove the soil from the bottom of the stem to the main roots, and paint all the underground part. February is a good time for this. If one application is not sufficient, repeat. Use the paint warm. When this has become dry, the trees should be looked over, and all cracks and holes stopped with well-worked clay, and after frost the clay-stoppings should be dressed again, to close any cracks that may occur.

L. M. O., McConnellstown, Pa.:

1. How did the thistle become the insignia of Scotland? 2. Who was the original Tammany?

1. According to common tradition, the Danes came upon the Scots unperceived in the dead of night, and, halting while their spies were trying to discover the undefended points of their opponents' camp, one of the spies chanced to tread upon a thistle, and the loud imprecation which the sudden pain evoked aroused the unsuspecting Scots, who at once attacked the invaders, gained a complete victory and dubbed the plant which had been the means of their success the Scotch Thistle. The Order of the Thistle, called also the Order of St. Andrew, is of no very ancient date. The earliest known mention of the thistle as the national badge of Scotland is in the inventory of the effects of James III., who probably adopted it as an appropriate illustration of the royal motto, *In Defence*. The The Order of the Thistle fell into abeyance after the abdication of James, but was restored by Anne in 1703, and is now one of the recognized orders of the British empire. The warrant of 1687 confined the number of Knights to 12, besides the sovereign; but since May, 1827, it has been permanently extended to 16. 2. An Indian Chief of the Delaware Nation, a great friend of the whites.

F. L., Capac, Mich.:

1. I hear a great deal now-a-days concerning Gen. Ben. F. Butler. Will not the BLADE give us full a history of his life as space will permit? 2. Please give the sum and substance of the Tewksbury almshouse horror, and what was done about it. How was Gov. Butler connected with it?

1. Ben will be 66 years old November 5. He first saw the light of day in Deerfield, N. H. He was admitted to the bar in 1841, and practiced law in Massachusetts until April, 1861, taking an active part in politics, and was several times elected to the Legislature; delegate to the Charleston Convention in 1860, where he supported Jeff Davis; also a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, where he supported Breckenridge. As Brigadier General of Massachusetts militia, April 17, 1861, he marched with the eighth regiment to Annapolis, brought out the frigate Constitution, and was placed in command of the Department of Annapolis, including Baltimore. Made Major General of Volunteers May 16, and transferred to the command of Fortress Monroe, where he made use of the famous phrase "contraband of war," as applied to slaves. His movements after that up to the close of the war are so well known that it is unnecessary to recount them. He was elected to Congress after the war, on the Republican ticket. He supported Hancock for the Presidency; was elected Governor of Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket, and defeated for re-election. 2. As Governor, Butler made charges against the officials and a legislative investigation was ordered. Some ugly testimony was introduced, showing that the inmates had been starved and beaten, the bodies of paupers sold, and in some instances their hides tanned for shoe leather. The committee, however, ignored this testimony, the investigation took a political turn, and the report, we believe, exonerated the officials from all the charges.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing 30c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.

Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.

Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. E. Barr.

Letter containing money order No. 1,565 for $1.10, postmarked Scio, Oregon, no order or name.

Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed W. Y. Smith.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Mariana, no State, signed Mrs. R. A. Sexton.

Letter containing 30c., no date, signed Wm Campbell.

Letter containing $1, dated at Westerville, Neb., no signature.

Letter containing $1, from Jefferson, O., no signature.

Letter containing $2, dated at Westport, Cal., signed Alex. Gordon, no order.

If Esther A. Gordon, of Bridgeport, will give her full address the error will be corrected.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed C. T. Smallwood.

Letter containing 30c., no date, signed A. Frazer.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Piqu, no State, signed J. Craig, P. M.

Letter containing $1.50, no date, signed J Morton, P. M.

Letter containing 25c, from Knox County, Mo., no postoffice, signed Susan Vaden.

Letter containing 25c., no date, signed C. L. Rowland.

Letter containing $1, dated at Reigelsville, no State, signed Mrs. John M. Smith.

Letter containing $1, to pay for seven copies, dated at Deer Creek, no State.

Parties remitting money or express order SHOULD ALWAYS give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their NAME and ADDRESS IN FULL.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. **Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase.** Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send 6c. in postage for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. S. BARLOW & Co., 712 Eleventh St., Washington, D. C.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

A Sketch of the Life of the Unknown Candidate for the Presidency.

Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York and Democratic candidate for President, is a native of New Jersey, born at Caldwell, Essex County, March 18, 1837. His father was a minister, and the candidate has living relatives prominent among the Protestant clergy, not to speak of his numerous clerical ancestors. After receiving such instruction as was procurable from the common school in various places of the parental residence, young Cleveland was sent to the academy situated at Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y. Upon leaving this seat of learning he went to New York City, where he filled for some time the position of clerk in an institution of charity. He is next heard of making his way West, in company with an enterprising young man, with Cleveland, O., as his objective point; but visiting, while on his way, an uncle residing in Buffalo, he was induced to remain in that City, as clerk in the store of his relative. He was 18 years of age at the time, an ambitious young fellow, possessed of the earnest desire to become a successful lawyer. His uncle favored this aspiration, and we soon find the youth a clerk in the office of a prominent law firm and at the same time enjoying the comforts of a good home at his relative's house. He was admitted to the bar in 1859. His first political office was as Assistant District Attorney for the County of Erie, under C. C. Torrence. He held the position three years, until the end of his superior's term of office, when he was nominated for District Attorney on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated. In 1870, five years after his failure, he was elected Sheriff of Erie County; and in November, 1881, was elected Mayor of Buffalo by a decisive majority. His incumbency of the office was successful and popular.

In the fall election of 1882 Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor of New York, on a Democratic nomination, by a majority of nearly 200,000 votes over his competitor, Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury. This overwhelming success was due chiefly to the "bolting" and absence from the polls of Republican voters. He is a bachelor, but common rumor attributes to him great devotion to female charms.

Colonel Sketchly's Ostriches.

The latest reports from the experimental ostrich farm in California are favorable to the success of the enterprise. A recent visitor to the farm writes:

These immense birds are kept in yards or inclosures, one male and two females occupying a place together. A common board fence, higher than the ordinary, surrounds each corral, and divides them. There is a space or open lane between the pens—a driveway for teams and to carry food to the birds. They eat a wagon-load of shells in one day, besides a large amount of coarse food, vegetables, alfalfa or clover-grass, etc. The cost of each is $1,000, and their weight is from 300 to 400 pounds. They lay 75 eggs each year, each egg valued at $100. Their feathers are plucked twice a year; they are on the tail and wings of the bird, the body being nearly bare. Each plucking averages $300. The eggs weigh two and one-half pounds. The male is black, the tail and wing feathers being white and the female a grayish white. It requires four strong men to hold one of these pets while plucking their plumes. It seems a cruel process, and no wonder the birds resist so hard. They are savage and dangerous if attacked, and can only be handled after a sack or stocking-leg has been drawn over the head. They drive them into a corner, and slip as quietly as possible behind them to draw the covering rapidly on; some feathers are pulled out easily, others are cut, and one has to understand his business to prevent the bird from bleeding to death. They cannot fly or jump, but can keep pace with the fleetest horses. When the eggs are to be gathered, a Chinaman is called into the arena. The ostrich seems to have taken a fierce dislike to the smile of the heathen Chinee, and is so taken up with his effort to attack him that men slip in unnoticed and take possession of the eggs. The life of an ostrich extends beyond that of human beings, and averages 100 years. The plumes can be purchased singly by visitors, the price depending upon the length and thickness of them. They have to be afterward cleaned and dyed. No dogs or horses are allowed inside the inclosure, as the birds go wild at the sight of either. The Chinamen carry their food to them."

A Connecticut woman went into a carpet store the other day and, after making her purchases, went away and forgot her baby for an hour or more. A mother may momentarily forget her child under some circumstances, but a baby with a good pair of lungs don't permit her to very often.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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To the needs of the tourist, commercial traveler and new settler, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted, since it strengthens the digestive organs and braces the physical energies to unhealthful influences. It removes and prevents malarial fever, constipation, dyspepsia, healthfully stimulates the kidneys and bladder, and enriches as well as purifies the blood. When overcome by fatigue, whether mental or physical, the weary and debilitated find it a reliable source of renewed strength and vitality. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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AFTER DINNER.

Persons who suffer from Indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an after-dinner pill, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, rouse the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. AYER'S PILLS are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

AYER'S PILLS

contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their influence is healing. To continue their effect in constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

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A REMARKABLE FEAT OF TELEGRAPHY.

London Talks with Calcutta, 7,000 Miles Away.

We have often heard of the wonderful line between this country and Teheran, the capital of Persia, a distance of 3,800 miles, but we scarcely realized the fact that good signals were obtainable through so great a length of wire until recently, when we availed ourselves of an invitation from Mr. W. Andrews, the Managing Director of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, to make a tour of inspection. It was between 7 and 8 on Sunday evening, April 13, when we reached the office.

In the basement of an unpretentious building in Old Broad street, we were shown the Morse printer in connection with the main line from London to Teheran. The courteous clerk in charge of the wire, Mr. Balgrove, informed us that we were through to Emden, and with the same ease with which one "wires" from the City to the West End we asked a few questions of the telegraphist in the German town. When we had finished with Emden, we spoke with the same facility to the gentleman on duty at Odessa. This did not satisfy us, and in a few seconds we were through to the Persian Capital, Teheran. There were no messages about, the time was favorable, and the employes of the various countries seemed anxious to give us an opportunity of testing the capacity of this wonderful line.

T. H. N. (Teheran) said, "Called Kurrachee," and in less time than it takes to write these words we gained the attention of the Indian town. The signals were good, and our speed must have equalled 15 words a minute. The operator at Kurrachee, when he learned that London was speaking to him, thought it would be a good opportunity to put us through to Arga, and to our astonishment the signals did not fail, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with Mr. Malcom Kahn, the clerk on duty. To make this triumph of telegraphy complete, Arga switched us on to another line, and we were soon talking to a native telegraphist at the Indian Government Cable Station, Calcutta. At first the gentleman "at the other end of the wire" could not believe that he was really in direct communication with the English capital, and he exclaimed, in More language, "Are you really London?" Truly, this was a great achievement. Metallic communication without a break from No. 18 Old Broad street, London, to the telegraph office in Calcutta! Seven thousand miles of wire! The signals were excellent, and the speed attained was not less than 12, perhaps 14 words, per minute.—*Telegraphist.*

Bed-Bugs, Flies:

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

A Woman Chaplain's Claim.

Miss Ella Gibson, of Wisconsin, makes a claim before the Congressional Pensions Committee, which is probably the only one of like character among all the endless demands of would-be war pensioners. Miss Gibson asks a pension on the ground that she was Chaplain of a Wisconsin regiment, and while engaged as such contracted malarial diseases which now completely disable her. That her claim has facts to support it is proved by records showing that her pay as Chaplain was obtained through act of Congress several years after the war closed. The difficulty in the way of obtaining her pay as well as in the case of the pension now asked, lay in the fact that, owing to her sex, she was not regularly mustered into the service. She appealed at the time to Sec. Stanton, but that officer bluntly refused to permit her to be mustered. From him she went to Mr. Lincoln, who gave her a letter asking Mr. Stanton to reconsider the matter. The obstinate Secretary still refusing the request, the President advised the lady to continue her work as chaplain and trust to Congress for compensation. As she labored in the hospitals, as well as for the spiritual needs of the soldiers, it seems reasonable and right that she should have her reward in spite of technicalities.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Concentrated Oxygen.

The curious statement is made by a writer in the London *Daily News*, who has been collecting some particulars regarding diving operations on the Thames and elsewhere, that men have grown old in this particular business, though in early life they had been in danger of consumption. The theory is a simple one. Men under water in a diving dress breathe a condensed atmosphere, and are, therefore, inhaling oxygen in a concentrated form, and this, it is assumed, is conducive to the cure of consumption.

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(Pat. Dec. 27, 1881.)

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, July 17, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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TOLEDO, O.

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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN A. LOGAN, of Illinois.

Circulation Last Week, 118,000.

OUR BOOM.

The figures above are of interest to advertisers and to our friends and well-wishers everywhere. They show an increase of 3,000 over last week, while the rapidly increasing orders show that our next week's issue will be from 122,000 to 123,000, and the succeeding one will show the number far beyond the first quarter of the second hundred thousand, and fast climbing to the 150,000 we expect to reach by September. The BLADE is the paper for the masses, and no one who studies its pages, freighted with interesting reading of all kinds, will cease to wonder at this tremendous growth of its circulation.

The Blade

FOR THE

CAMPAIGN!

Only 25 Cents Till After the Presidential Election.

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NOW TO WORK!

25 Cts. During Campaign

The election of BLAINE and LOGAN is a necessity to the American people. The Democratic party loaded with the iniquity of a quarter of a century, is making its last effort to gain control of the Government. This campaign is more important than any of its predecessors, for if the Republican party fails this time the work of its past will be undone, and the country will have to pass through other struggles.

To do their share of the work the proprietors of the

GOOD, OLD TOLEDO BLADE,

make a proposition which never has been equalled in the history of newspapers. We will send the BLADE to any address, singly, or in clubs, from the receipt of the money

TILL AFTER THE NOVEMBER ELECTION FOR 25 CENTS.

The election is in November, and it is now July. This gives the best weekly paper in the world

DURING CAMPAIGN FOR 25 CTS!

This does not cover the actual cost of printing, postage and mailing; but we give this as our contribution to the cause.

THE BLADE DURING CAMPAIGN FOR 25 CENTS.

Now go to work and raise clubs everywhere. There is not a man, Republican or Democrat, who will not take the BLADE at this price.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the BLADE. Everybody knows it to be the most aggressive Republican paper in the United States, and the most effective for campaign purposes. It has now the largest circulation of any weekly in the country, and it can do more good with 200,000 circulation than with 118,000.

RAISE CLUBS AT ONCE.

Everybody will take it. Commence the canvass as soon as you read this announcement. Roll in clubs of tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds. Pile them in upon us—we have the machinery to fill all demands that may be made.

THE NASBY LETTERS,

will be printed regularly in the BLADE for which paper they have been exclusively written for twenty years. They will be of value this year.

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS

that have made the BLADE so valuable, will be maintained. We shall not print a separate campaign paper, but send the regular BLADE, the only difference being we shall pay more especial attention to politics than at other seasons.

RAISE A CLUB FOR THE BLADE.

25 cents from now till after the Presidential election.

Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

P. S.—Send postal notes if possible. Don't send us postage stamps if there is any other way of remitting.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

This is the dull season in business, and the Democratic Convention, by absorbing public attention, has accentuated the dullness. The large dry goods failure in New York, with rumors of other troubles, has increased the prevalent feeling of caution. But a highly important feature has been the phenomenally rapid accumulation of money in New York. The banks there added no less than $9,861,060 to the reserve resources last week, and $8,248,000 to their deposits. This demonstrates a gratifying growth of confidence, and a still more gratifying increase of the ready resources which necessarily compel confidence. Ample resources at the national center of exchange are an essential antecedent to the restoration of confidence elsewhere.

THE weather has been more or less showery throughout many sections, both North and South, with variable temperature. No damage has been done to wheat, except by injudicious premature threshing of damp grain. Crop advices have continued decidedly favorable. Corn has been peculiarly favored, and the outlook at present is that of a crop superior to the great crops of 1879 and 1880, the condition being about as good and the acreage considerably greater. The crop, however, will be in suspense as to the main results for six or seven weeks. The weather has been somewhat better for saving the hay crop. Tobacco continues to flourish as never before. There have been local complaints about cotton, but the general outlook is very flattering.

THE Democratic National Convention at Chicago nominated CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS as the standard-bearers of their party in the Presidential contest, and adopted a platform that is a verbal juggle—a farrago of words that can be interpreted to suit circumstances. Our opinions of both ticket and platform will be found elsewhere upon this page.

THE Commissioner of Immigration at New York reports that all the rules adopted thus far have failed to put a stop to the landing of pauper immigrants at Castle Garden. He now has added an additional rule, that persons who are unable to support themselves during their stay at that institution, shall be at once returned to the country from which they came. Canada is suffering in the same way, and the people of Toronto have been obliged to make a special appeal to the promoters of emigration to the Dominion, to be more careful in the selection of those whom they assist.

A COMPANY has been formed to introduce the practice of cremation into Philadelphia, and to erect a large crematory. There is a very slow but somewhat steady growth of a preference for this mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead. The chief obstacle is the mistaken feeling that the practice is inconsistent with the Christian belief in the resurrection.

VERY contradictory reports reach us from Panama as to the progress and prospects of the Inter-Oceanic Canal. According to one account, which may be traced to M. DELESSEPS and his friends, a small army of effective workmen is pushing the undertaking to a triumphant conclusion, and its completion by 1888 may be expected. Another and more trustworthy statement represents the works as suspended by the arrival of the wet season, and as injured seriously by river floods and other convulsions of nature. It is said also that the workmen have been discharged for the time in great numbers and that many of them are of such a character as to render their idleness a serious danger to society.

THE most interesting and at the same time the most important foreign event of the week, is the conflict in the British House of Parliament which threatens a most momentous crisis in British politics. The House of Lords, in spite of every influence brought to bear upon it, practically rejected the Franchise bill last Tuesday, a proceeding which has aroused the country to exasperation. The Liberal journals all regard the step as a challenge and all declare that the House of Lords must be taught that they cannot stand against the will of the people. It is declared that Mr. GLADSTONE has entered upon the struggle with regret but is determined to carry it through to the end even should it result in shattering the Constitution. Meetings are to be held all over the country, and even the trades unions, which usually hold aloof from politics, will send delegations.

MEANWHILE Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been obliged to withdraw his Merchant Shipping Bill from Parliament, at least for the present session. The opposition to it, both inside and outside Parliament, is so strong and so threatening to the Liberal party, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S government does not feel at liberty to press the question at this time, in view of the fact that matters of still greater urgency are in a critical condition. It is probable that until a new Parliament has been elected, the British shipowner will be free to send rotten hulks to sea, to insure them beyond their real value, and to drown Her Majesty's subjects at the rate of 5,000 a year. Just at present the shipping interest is especially irritable, as the opening of the Suez Canal has deprived it of much employment, and the decline in British exports has diminished its receipts considerably.

THE cholera continues to rage in Marseilles and Toulon, and is said to be spreading elsewhere. A great deal of uneasiness is felt in the different countries in Europe, particularly in the seaport towns of Great Britain, where it is thought too much depenpence is placed upon its insular position for protection.

THE nomination of CLEVELAND has been made the occasion of considerable rejoicing in Great Britain, where it is most cordially approved. The English papers regard him as a most promising candidate and certain to be elected.

THE news from Egypt continues to be most unsatisfactory. The treachery of the Murdir of Dongola is denied, but the rebel troops are moving northward, and a good many Arab tribes hitherto neutral, are joining their number. The movement for the relief of Khartum is to commence the first of September.

ONLY THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

for the WEEKLY BLADE three months, and an elegant portrait of BLAINE. The BLADE'S portrait of BLAINE is the best in the field. Sample portrait, 25 cents.

CHOOSE YE!

The Democratic National Convention at Chicago last week nominated GROVER CLEVELAND, of New York, for President, and THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana, for Vice President.

This ticket is more remarkable for its weakness than for anything else. CLEVELAND is the representative of the New York Elevated Railroad monopoly, the most vicious in the Union, and HENDRICKS is a putrid reminiscence of the defeated ticket of the 1876 campaign.

CLEVELAND is a man whose history is briefly told. First Assistant and the District Attorney; then Sheriff of Erie County, New York, wherein his term of office is chiefly remembered from the fact that he acted as hangman twice; then ten years of obscurity, a lawyer in no wise noted for brilliancy, for depth of knowlege, for eminence in his profession; ten years that brought him neither fame nor fortune, but which, had he possessed ability, should have brought him a fair degree of each; then nine months as Mayor of Buffalo; then a tidal wave made him Governor of New York—not from any merit on his part, but because the Republicans of that State in 1882 wished to rebuke what they considered an unwarranted meddling of Pres. ARTHUR'S administration in their State politics. They voted for the Democratic nominee to defeat FOLGER and to administer this rebuke—not that they believed CLEVELAND to possess any qualities that particularly fitted him for the Governorship.

And now candidate for President of the United States! Heaven save the mark!

The tool of an unscrupulous moneyed monopoly of New York City; a bachelor, yet with the paternity of some dozen children fastened upon him; a man without social standing, whose private life is a scandal and a disgrace; a man with no political standing, with neither knowledge of nor experience in National affairs; such a man is placed before the American people as a candidate for the highest office within their gift!

A mushroom politician, accidentally placed in the Governor's chair, in the year and a half that he has occupied it he has antagonized the workingmen by his vetoes of bills which operated in their favor; he has antagonized every element of purity and progress; he has shown himself the willing tool of the monopolies, especially the Elevated Railroads; he has antagonized the entire labor element of the State by his subserviency to monopoly, and this element will cast a hundred thousand votes against him this Fall.

And this is the obscure man the Democracy has pitted against JAMES G. BLAINE, the foremost statesman of the land! A pigmy against a giant; a man without knowlege or experience of National affairs, against a man whose life, for 20 years past, has been a part of the best history of his party and of the Nation!

Nor is HENDRICKS at all a wiser choice. He used his voice and influence to hinder the war against Southern treason. When the war was over, he used his seat in Congress to embarrass the efforts of the Republicans in the great work of reconstruction. Wedded to old ideas, incapable of comprehending that the Nation had been born anew, too blind to see that a new era had opened for the country, now that the curse of slavery was removed, he has not a political idea that has not its root in the old order of things before the war.

With far more experience in public life than CLEVELAND, that experience has not taught him the lesson of statesmanship. He has been defeated one-half the times that he has come before the people of Indiana from their suffrages. He was on the ticket with TILDEN in 1876, not because of merit or statesmanship of his own, but because of a campaign necessity. Indiana was then an October State, and he was nominated because it was believed his nomination could aid in carrying the State. He was a party to the unblushing cipher frauds by which TILDEN hoped to purchase for cash the Presidency that the people denied him by their ballots. He is a reminiscence—a decayed reminder of a dead issue, which not even the trumpet of GABRIEL could resurrect and revitalize!

And he is the man placed in nomination to compete with the Black Eagle of Illinois, gallant JOHN A. LOGAN!

While HENDRICKS fomented treason in the State of Indiana, LOGAN was at the front, fighting armed traitors in the field; while HENDRICKS was declaring the war "a failure," and forming bands of the treasonable "Sons of Liberty" in the hills of southern Indiana, LOGAN, at the head of his soldiers, was carrying the stars and stripes from victory to victory over Southern battle fields.

These are the men that the people of the United States are asked by the Democratic party to put in the high places of power in the Nation. What shall the answer be to such a request? What can the patriots of the Nation do but set their seal of disapprobation upon such a ticket by the triumphant election of BLAINE and LOGAN?

OUR CAMPAIGN A GRAND SUCCESS.

Though our announcement that we would send the Weekly BLADE for the campaign for 25 cents is but two weeks old, yet the responses are most gratifying. Orders are coming in shoals, and each day shows a decided increase over the preceding one.

Let the good work go on! The people overwhemingly favor BLAINE and LOGAN'S election, and they desire to read a newspaper that is emphatic in their support. The BLADE is a favorite with all who once read it, and merely showing the paper is all that is needed to have people subscribe for it.

As samples of the work being done, we give below a few specimen clubs just received:

Ithaca, N. Y.	200
Grand Rapids, Mich.	100
Oroville, Cal.	84
Suisunville, Cal.	70
Reidsville, N. C.	50

Take this copy of the BLADE and show to your neighbors and friends. Ask them to subscribe, and help roll our list up to 150,000 copies.

OF the 25 Senators whose terms of office expire next March, 11 are Republicans and 14 Democrats.

THE DEMOCRATIC CRAZY-QUILT.

The Democratic platform is a remarkable production. Strong only in invective, vigorous only in denunciation, its involved sentences and turgid rhetoric evade every question on which there is a divided opinion in the Democratic party. Nearly one-half its wearisome length is taken up with the old arraignment of the Republican party, for every political crime under the sun. This was to be expected, of course; and as it amuses the Democracy, and hurts nobody, it may be at once relegated to the limbo of all buncombe.

Of the remainder of this painfully long document, the one portion of paramount interest is, of course, that referring to the tariff. As has been predicted, it is an attempt to straddle the question. It shows that the Committee that framed it desired the utterance of the party to be so involved that it would be impossible to declare positively what its exact meaning is. They have done this, doubtless to their own satisfaction, but certainly not to that of the people. The people are aroused on this question. The laboring masses demand to know clearly and unequivocally what the two parties intend. The Republicans have told them; the Democrats have not. BEN BUTLER, on the floor of the Convention, challenged the delegates to read the tariff plank, and then tell precisely what it means. It is not intended to mean precisely anything. It abounds in sentences which, taken by themselves, favor either side in the tariff discussion. HUBBARD, the Temporary Chairman, said, in his speech, that the "platform should speak in no doubtful tones, nor as a Delphic oracle." The platform does exactly the opposite. Its utterance is oracular, in that it can be interpreted either way, and to suit the views of either side.

Thirty-six hours were spent in the production of this remarkable piece of patchwork; which discounts any crazy-quilt that feminine inventive genius ever achieved. It reiterates that the Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff; yet the present Democratic House, whose members were elected upon such a pledge, accomplished absolutely nothing in that direction during the session of Congress just closed. It declares in favor of tariff reduction, and in the same breath against "depriving the American laborer of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor." It favors a duty that will be ample to cover any increased cost of production arising from the high rate of wages paid to American labor, and yet demands that taxation shall be limited to the requirements of the Government. This last clause is a mere re-wording of "taxation for revenue only," while the former clause clearly demands a protective duty. The plank admits that the Republican doctrine of protection is correct when it declares that "many industries have come to rely upon legislation for their successful continuance," yet it conveys, in the same sentence, a veiled threat of changing legislation in this regard.

The wide difference between Democratic theory and practice is shown best in the plank which asserts the equality of all men before the law, and calls for a free ballot and a fair count, in the face of the notorious fact that the Democrats hold political power in Mississippi and other Southern States, only by a systematic denial of the right of free ballot to the colored voters among their citizens. It calls for "exact justice to all citizens, of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political," in theory, while the practice of the shotgun policy spreads a reign of terror throughout whole States during every political campaign. It denounces the presence of troops at the polls, but does not lift a voice of protest against the policy of wholesale political murder, of which the Danville and Copiah outrages were the latest notable examples.

Among the multitudinous platitudes of the platform, a sop to the whisky interests has not been forgotten, in the shape of a plank opposing "sumptuary laws, which vex the citizens and interfere with individual liberty." This is a plain and square commitment of the Democracy of the Nation to the advocacy of free whisky—of the removal of all taxation from the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

The remaining points of the platform are made up of topics on which there is no party contest. They serve to render this remarkable document all-embracing, and evince the consuming anxiety of the Committee to leave no interest untouched that might possibly command a single vote. The platform is like the party—insincere. It is weak on every topic vital to success in this campaign, and strong only where there is no dispute. The American people are in no mood for shilly-shallying, and will be slow to put the baton of power in the hands of a party that is afraid to state clearly and definitely what it does and does not believe. They demanded to know whether the democratic party is for Protection or Free Trade, and are answered by an equivoque. Blundering stupidity has again overthrown any chance of success for Democracy. The people asked a well defined policy, but the party of the past has none to offer them. It stupidly yells, "The Republicans have been in power a long while; give us a chance!" and fails to give a reason for asking a change. At the time of all others when an open, decided stand would have been of service to them, they present a weary mass of verbiage instead of a clean-cut declaration of principles. The Democracy was once a party of pronounced opinions; but since it submitted its principles to the arbitrament of the sword, and went down in defeat at Appomattox, it has feared to present a decided issue, except hatred of Republicanism, to the suffrages of the American people. Another Appomattox awaits it in November.

THE English press is loud in its praises of CLEVELAND. Under his administration, should he be elected, British manufacturers would find the markets of the United States open to them, British capitalists would be permitted to buy up magnificent estates in the Far West, and all would be lovely. The American people will have a say in the matter, however, next November.

AT the low price of 25 cents for the BLADE from now until after election, we cannot afford to allow agents a commission. Notwithstanding this, hundreds are sending us large clubs. We are receiving over over 1,000 names a day this week. Keep the ball rolling. Specimens sent to any address free.

WHAT IT MEANS.

In spite of the effort of the National Democratic Convention to evade a distinct utterance upon the tariff question, the issue, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Their Delphic eloquence may befog the question, but cannot postpone the battle over it. It must become one of the leading issues of the campaign.

There are but two modes of raising the revenue necesssary to meet the annual expenditures of the Government. One is, by a direct tax; the other, by means of duties upon imports, in addition to what may be raised by the internal revenue tax. Nobody favors the first, unless it be perhaps free trade fanatics of the extremest type, like WATTERSON and HURD. The Democratic Democratic platform acknowledges that "from the foundation of the Government, taxes collected at the custom-house have been the chief source of Federal revenue, and such they must continue." The issue, then, concerns entirely the amount of duty to be levied.

A protective tariff is one in which the amount of duty upon any manufactured article, or any product, is sufficient to equalize the difference between the cost of its production in this country and in a foreign land. Labor is cheaper in Europe than in America. The mode of life, all the surroundings, of the American workingman are far superior to those of his confrere in European countries. He needs more to enable him to live in the self-respecting style of the American freeman than does the pauper laborer of Europe, without ambition, without hope of ever bettering his condition, and with no possible release from a life of grinding toil and bitter poverty but in filling a pauper's grave. A protective tariff, equalizes this disparity in wages by imposing such a duty upon an imported article as will bring its cost to the importer, after the duty is paid, up to a figure commensurate with the cost of producing the same article in the United States. This is not only true of manufactures, but of various farm products—wool and hemp being two notable examples.

A tariff for revenue only is one which aims to collect only enough to pay Governmental expenses. It pays no attention to the difference in cost of production of any article in the United States and in foreign countries, and cares nothing for the necessities of the workingman. It is the English "free trade" system, and if carried out in the United States, would either paralyze our manufactures entirely or put our mechanics and employes in manufactories upon starvation wages.

The Republican party is the party of protection. The Democratic party, so far as it has a policy, is in favor of the English system of "a tariff for revenue only." It went into the Presidential battle of 1880 on that issue, and was overwhelmingly defeated. It now fears to meet the question squarely, and attempts to dodge it, by presenting an utterance on the tariff that absolutely avoids a direct declaration.

There is no middle ground between a protective tariff and a tariff for revenue only. There are but two possible policies,—one for protection, the other for revenue. If the tariff does not protect, it is in effect a free trade tariff, no matter whether it provides much more than enough to meet the necessities of the Government, or is barely sufficient to do so. The phrase "a tariff for revenue with incidental protection" is misleading. If it protects our industries, it is a protective tariff; if it does not, it is free trade.

A protective tariff needs adjustment constantly, in order to meet the varying conditions of wages, of cost of raw material, etc. An infant industry needs heavy protection. When productions have been cheapened by improved methods of manufacture, by finding an enlarged market, etc., the tariff thereon may be reduced without detriment, and should be reduced. The first session of the last Congress (which had a Republican majority) provided for a Tariff Commission, which body spent the recess in a critical examination of our industries, with a view to rectifying the tariff. In conformity with the report of that Commission, the tariff was revised at the next session, and a substantial reduction made. Then the present Congress, with a Democratic majority in the House, came into power, and the Winter was spent in a futile effort to accomplish something in the way of tariff tinkering, but without avail.

The tariff plank in the Democratic platform talks on both sides of the question. It pledges the Democratic party to revise the tariff. This is common ground with the Republican party. It says that "all taxation shall be limited to the requirements of an economical government"—free trade, pure and simple; "the reduction must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor," etc.—a square protection utterance; it demands that "Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes"—free trade, and synonymous with "a tariff for revenue only." Thus the platform is on both sides of the question. It aims to make it appear that a tariff sufficient only for the needs of the Government is ample to protect American industries—an utterly untenable position. The plank is intended to dodge the issue; to read protection in Pennsylvania, and free trade in Arkansas; it is a bid for votes, not the enunciation of a policy.

A DISGUSTED New York delegate had the following to say to the Cleveland *Herald's* representative concerning CLEVELAND:

This Cleveland is not a statesman. He is nothing but a mushroom politician. He has no standing, socially. The election of a man with a private life back of him such as his has been would be a disgrace to the Nation. He has no standing politically; he has antagonized the workingmen; he has antagonized the Catholics, and he has antagonized the Democratic party in his own State. If he is nominated I doubt whether he can carry a Northern State.

THE last session of Congress was an exceptionally long one, continuing 220 days. The longest on record was that of 1849-50, which sat 302 days. Out of the 111 sessions since the convening of the first Congress only 27 have exceeded 200 days. It is astonishing how this Democratic Congress managed to crowd so much work *out* of so long a session.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper says that there are about 250 lepers in that City, and the number is increasing. It also declares that San Francisco has become the dumping ground for Asiatic Cities. Not a pleasant thought that.

THE MONOPOLY CANDIDATE.

The Anti-Monopoly League of the State of New York worked earnestly to prevent the nomination of GROVER CLEVELAND for the Presidency by the Democratic party. The League had a delegation at Chicago, laboring to defeat him. The following circular, giving their reasons for considering his nomination unadvisable, is well worth perusal:

To the Democratic National Convention:

The anti-Monopolists of the State of New York respectfully submit the following reasons why the candidate of the Democratic party for President should be free from corporate interests or affiliations.

1. The party professes to represent the interests of the whole people—the many rather than the few—and to nominate a person known to be connected with or under the influence of monopoly interests would be equivalent to saying that there were no Democrats who were free from such interests.

2. Anti-Monopoly sentiment in the State of New York caused about 75,000 voters to transfer their votes from one side to the other (making a difference of 150,000 in the result,) and a large number of others to stay at home, resulting in the election of Grover Cleveland as Governor by 192,000 majority. Mr. Cleveland having broken his pledges to the anti-Monopolists, and shown his sympathy with Monopoly interests by appointing a hostile majority on the Railroad Commission; by placing the canals in the hands of the favored contractor of the New York Central Railroad; by his veto of the Elevated Railroad five cent fare bill, on constitutional grounds, which were opposed to the decisions of the highest Courts and in the face of petitions asking him to refer any constitutional questions to the Courts for decision; by vetoing the bill limiting the number of hours of labor to 12 which horse car drivers should be compelled to labor; as well as other acts of a similar nature, we respectfully but earnestly protest against his nomination to the highest office in the gift of his party.

We also protest against the nomination of any other person, either for President or Vice President, whose interests or sympathies are not in harmony with the principles and objects enunciated in the National Democratic platform; for experience has shown that unless candidates are personally in harmony with the platform, they invariably ignore it after election. The people of this country are not yet ready to admit that "platforms do not mean anything," and it will be a sad day for this country when this heartless and dishonest sentiment becomes true. If the great Democratic party will but show that it is true to the principles of its founders; that it does not promote its most unworthy and unscrupulous members on account of the moneyed interests behind them; that honor and patriotism are not discarded virtues, the people will again place it in power and entrust it with the destimes of this great Nation.

By order of
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Of the N. Y. State Anti-Monopoly League.

CLEVELAND'S WEAKNESS.

It is not necessary to go beyond the ranks of the Democracy to find proof of CLEVELAND'S extreme weakness as a candidate. The labor organizations of the State of New York sent a committee to Chicago to represent the labor interest in the Democratic Convention. This committee, finding the machine in active operation in CLEVELAND'S behalf, had the following circular printed and distributed among the delegates:

To the Members of the National Democratic Convention, Greeting:

We, the undersigned delegates, representing the labor sentiment of the Cities of New York, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo, respectfully desire to call your attention to the following reasons why Grover Cleveland should not be nominated for President by your Convention:

1. He vetoed the bill abolishing contract child labor in the charitable and reformatory institutions of the State.

2. He signed the bill reducing pilotage fees 20 per cent.; a bill in the interest of foreign corporations.

3. He approved the law compelling working engineers to pay a tax of $2 a year for the enrichment of a pension fund of a liberally compensated body of public servants.

4. He vetoed the Five Cent Fare bill, a measure calculated to enable workingmen and their families to reach the suburbs away from the tenement districts at all hours.

5. He signed the civil service bill, a measure calculated to encourage only college educated citizens to reach the public service, thereby creating an aristocracy of office-holders.

6. He appointed a man to administer the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of New York who was an opponent to the reforms which the labor interests (whose influence had created the bureau) had desired and formulated. A man wholly unacquainted with its wants and indifferent to its welfare, and in this connection we cite as a contrast the fact that Pres. Arthur has selected a laboring man for the position of Chief of the National Labor Bureau, thus recognizing the interests which are to be benefitted, and to whose efforts the creation of these Bureaus is due.

7. He vetoed the bill limiting car drivers' hours of labor to 12 hours per day, thus confessing himself ignorant of the grave National question underlying the labor movement.

8. He vetoed the Mechanics' Lien Law, a bill designed to give labor the first lien on a building in course of erection.

9. He failed to advocate in his message to the Legislature urging prompt and practical legislation to meet the wish of the people expressed at the polls last election against the system of convict contract labor which was declared "shall go," by a vote of 189,000 majority brought out by the State Executive Committee of the labor organizations, and the success of which was largely contributed by the members of this delegation.

10. His appointment of a majority of the members of the Railroad Commission of N. Y., who were hostile to the interests which created that Board, thus defeating the object for which the Commission was established, and making it a tender to the corporate monopolies of the State.

Finally we desire to say that the objections we raise against the nomination of Grover Cleveland are wide-spread and deep-rooted among the labor organizations of the entire country, and that while we voice the sentiments of our immediate constituents, the labor organizations hold our views in common, and in placing before the country a candidate for President by our Convention we desire he shall be free from objections, and one whom labor can support with enthusiasm.

Geo. Blair, Chairman, boxmaker; A. F. Smith, Secretary, machinist and engineer; J. W. Keogh, shoemaker; H. L. Wells, printer; R. Blissert, tailor; J. C. Sarsfield, journalist; P. H. Spelman, mason; F. R. Purcell, painter; E. J. Doutney, printer; T. P. Masterson, shoe-cutter; G. R. Cottrell, miner; John Franey, printer; John J. Juno, cigar-maker; J. A. Thompson, car-driver; Thos. Gawley, printer.

MISS ELLA WHEELER has been made the target of much unjust criticism and boorish wit by so called humorists of the press on account of the naturalness and bold traits of her "Poems of Passion." The uncouth gallantry of these critics exposes their want of appreciation rather than the meritless character of the poems attacked. From quotations we have seen, we are of the opinion that the authoress has more genuine poetic fire than the rhyme-gods, worshiped blindly by these self-same acrimonious critics.

CLEVELAND comes before the voters of the Nation as a canidate forced upon the Democracy by the New York Elevated Railroad monopoly. TILDEN is a heavy stockholder in that organization, and CLEVELAND'S veto of the Five-Cent Fare bill was paid for by the tranfer of the TILDEN influence, as far as possible, to the Governor.

THERE is a whole epitome of history in the fact that the Republicans chose for the temporary chairman of their Convention a man who used to be a slave, while the Democrats chose a man who used to own slaves.

THE hollowness of BUTLER'S pretensions as a friend of labor is well shown by the fact that he has grown rich as a monopolist. He controls the entire manufacture of bunting in the United States.

THE British farmer's prospects are not so bright as the American's. The wheat grower there is fast becoming starved out.

NASBY.

The Corners Ratify the Nomination and Discuss the Platform.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
July 14.

The nooze uv the nominashen uv Cleveland, for the Presidency by the Dimecratic Nashnel Convenshun at Chicago, reecht the Corners, by mule express from the stashen at Secessionville. To say that the nooze evoked the profoundest sensashen is puttin it altogether too mild. The horn wuz tooted from the front uv Bascom's grosery, and at the summons the citizens uv the Corners rallied at the meetin house and we organized ourselves to-wunst into a ratification meetin.

I took the chair, ez a matter of course, and Isaker Gavitt wuz yoonaumisuly appintid Sekretary, he bein the only citizen uv the Dimekratic persuasion in the Corners wich hez the gift uv ritin, ceptin myself, and uv course I can't be President and Sekretary uv the same meetin.

The follerin resolooshen wuz to-wunst submittid:—

Resolved, That the Dimocrisy uv Confederit X Roads, hev heerd with mingled emoshuns uv pleasure and gratitood uv the nominashen uv that sterlin patriot and world-renowned statesman, Cleveland, uv—

Ther ensood at this pint a most okkerd pause.

"What State is Cleveland from?" enquired the Cheerman uv the Committy on Resolooshens.

"Uv Noo York," I ansered promptly.

The blank wuz filled in wen unforchinitly it wuz sejestid that ez the resolooshens wuz agoin out to the world it wood be decent to put in his fust name, and not one uv us knowd wat it wuz.

Deekin Pogram insistid that it must be Androo. "The fust vote I cast for a Dimokrat for President," he remarkt, "wuz for a Androo, Androo Jaxon, and the last Dimokratic President we hed wuz another Androo, Androo Jonson. This man, Cleveland, his name must be Androo."

And so it went into the resolooshens "Androo Cleveland."

I diskivered a diffikilty the minit I red the platform. Deekin Pogram, is, and alluz hez bin, a violent free trader, while Issaker Gavitt is, and hez bin, a violent perteckshunist, ever sence he sekoored a interest in a rollin mill wich sum Eastern capytalists establisht on his father's farm. I supposed, however that I hed em both fixed. I red it to em separately, and constrood to Issaker that nothing cood be more peteckshun, and to the good old Dekin that it wuz ez wildly free trade ez even he cood desire.

The platformwuz red by myself and we proposed another resolooshen apprevin that. Then trubble ensood.

Deekin Pogram, wich is a violent free trader, riz to remark that he cood vote for that platform with his whole hart and sole. He hed bin a free trader all his life, and he never knowd a Dimekratic Convenshun to plant itself so cleerly and explicitly on the side uv free trade sence he hed bin in pollytix.

Issaker Gavitt riz to say he cood vote for the tariff plank with all his hart, becoz that plank showd that the Dimocrisy hed finely got right on the tariff question, the plank, ez he red it, being for the protecksh'un uv Amerikun industry. It wuz encurridgin to them, wich believed in progress and sich, to hev the Dimocrisy uv the Nashen rite onto this most important pint.

"Do yoo pertend to say that the Dimocratic platform favors perteckshun?" shreeked the Deekin. "Ez it wuz red to me, it iz for free trade, pure and simple."

"Yoo old ass, can't yoo understand plane English? Ef it isn't a square toed proteckshun dockyment I can't spell. Yoo are a fool and alluz wuz."

Jist then the Deekin, in the intrest uv harmony, annoust his intenshun uv whain Issaker and proceedid to do it, and ez the old man alluz did hev muscle ther wuz the prospex uv a fively row. He jumped across the seets to the Secretary's desk and hed Issaker by the throte, and Issaker hed him by the hair wher it is the shortest, and they wuz a rollin on the floor in less'n no time.

In the meantime Bascom and Kernel M Pelter hed got into a tussle ez to what the platform meant on the money question, and the rest uv the citizens got into a squabble ez to whether Cleveland wuz a Dimekrat at all or not, becoz Tammany opposed him, and the upshot uv the biznis wuz ther wuz a row wich incloodid every Dimekrat present except me, and we broke up without passin any resolooshens or ratifyin the nominashen at all.

Deekin Pogram and I retired to the back room uv Bascom's, and while the old Saint wuz a washin the blood orf his face, we hed a conversashen over the platform.

"Parson," sed the old man, "what is the reel meenin uv the platform?"

"Anything yoo like," wuz my reply, "anything yoo like. Remember it's a Dimocratik platform, and a Dimocratik platform must be comprehensive."

"Does it meen free trade or perteckshun?"

"Either or both, or neither."

"Parson, wunst on a time an ekestrian attempted the perilus feet uv ridin two hosses, wich wuz a goin in different dirreckshuns. It resultid in a totle failyoor, and he wuz split in two, and his blood drenched the arena."

"Deekin, I recognize the parable. But yoo must remember we aint ridin two hosses, jist now. We hev only *promised* to ride em. We hev not yit got into the saddle. We hev promised to ride the perteckshun hoss and likewise the free trade hoss, but we don't hev to git onto em till after the November elekshun. The post offises and custom houses are then sekoored, and after that we kin ride either hoss, or neither, ez we see fit. The mane pint is to git the offises. After that we will take our chances with the people. We git four yeers lease uv power anyhow. Do you see?"

"Principle?" sed the Deekin inquirinly.

"*My* principle, my deer old frend, is to hev the Post Offis at the Corners. Yoors shood be to git yoorself warm in the Collector's offis. See?"

The Deekin did see, and within five minits he wuz moppin the blood from his face on the streets, and hoorayin for Cleveland and the platform. A similer conversation with Issaker Gavitt perdoost similer results, and at 11 at nite they wuz both sleepin the sleep uv a gallon uv whisky on the floor at Bascom's.

"Dimekratic harmony!" remarkt Bascom, smilinly, to wich I assented.

I can't understand why voters don't understand Dimocratic Convenshuns better. Wat do I keer for platforms anyhow? I like this platform espeshly, for it is so constructid that Watterson, uv Looisville, wich is Free Trade, and Randall, of Pennsylvany, wich is High Perteckive Tariff, kin both stand on it, embracin eech other in harmony.

It is so worded that Watterson will support it in Kentucky, ez a demand for reform in the tariff, with a leenin toward Free Trade, and Randall will support it ekally in Pennsylvany, becoz it is fur reform in the tariff, with a decidid leenin to Perteckshun.

I hev red that plank keerfully, and I defy any one to perdoose a man uv any shade uv opinyun, wich I can't soot out uv that platform, pervided I know wat the man desires invariably in advance.

It will be a rather difficult campane to fite, becoz our speekers will hev to prepare a speech for each State they go into. Iowa and Wisconsin will require one kind uv a speech and Pennsylvany and Ohio quite another. Plodgin sekoority to the nigger can't be dwelt upon very lively in Looisiana and Mississippi, and they will hev to be ruther keerful dodgin between Southern and Northern Georgia on the tariff question.

But a man wich hezn't sense enuff to write three or four speeches and to make proper inquiries afore he opens his mouth ez to wat the people want, in any given locality, don't deserve to be employed by a Dimekratic Centrel Committy. Sich a man is not to be trusted. All that is needed in a speeker is great powers uv construkshen.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Constructer.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

Extensive frauds have been committed in Texas connected with the sale of school lands. Dr. Pierce, of Dallas, and a Notary of Howard County named Wampler have been arrested, charged with manufacturing fraudulent applications and forging the names of applicants and witnesses.——W. R. McGill, a railroad President, fell from a moving train near Cincinnati recently, and was instantly killed. It is now believed to be a case of suicide, as it has been discovered that he had raised a large amount of money—probably $100,000—from neighbors and friends, by means of forged notes. His accounts with the railroad are all straight.——Maud S., while exercising at Cleveland, trotted a mile in 2:12¼.——Under orders from Sec. Lincoln, all settlers will be compelled to leave the region known as Greer County, Texas, which is said to belong

Correspondence.

FOUR GREAT VALLEYS.

From the Lakes to the Ocean by the Way of the Scioto, Ohio, Kanawha and James Valleys.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

IV.

THE KANAWHA VALLEY.

Study the map of the United States for a few minutes, after divesting your mind of life-long prejudices in favor of places and routes, and you cannot help deciding that the natural highway for the country, between the seaboard and the interior, is by the way of the James and the Kanawha Valleys. In the first place you must bear in mind that rivers, whether navigable or not, indicate the natural lines of travel and communication. Humbolt said that the buffalo marked out all the great roads in the Americas, which was true, but the rivers marked out the road that the buffalos took, and the bison trail was mainly useful in determining which of several tributary valleys was the easiest to ascend. A path to the top is much of a truism as to be hardly worth stating that the course taken by the water falling on the uplands to reach the sea must always be reasonably direct, and also that its attrition through the countless eons of the present geological period must have eroded a tolerably gentle ascent, upon which travel could be easiest.

What is the application of this to the statement that the Kanawha and James Valleys are the natural highways of the continent?

Do not be impatient and I shall tell you. You cannot state these great geographical and economic facts with the glib curtness of a quotation of No. 2 red. You should be thankful that I do not take a whole page to explain them.

In the first place, the greatest natural harbor in the world is that about Hampton Roads. Nowhere else do such a number of large rivers empty their waters at one point of the magnificent Susquehanna, which drains the whole of Eastern Pennsylvania and the Delaware, the grand Potomac, the lordly James, the scarcely smaller York and some smaller rivers all pour their accumulated waters into the Atlantic between Capes Charles and Henry. Any eligible location near this wonderful debouchment is a tenfold better natural site for a great city than that of Venice, Genoa, Marseilles, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Liverpool or St. Petersburg. It would seem that there is the natural place to plant the grand front door of the Nation, through which all the trade and commerce with Europe must pass. It has always seemed so, but the superior energy and industry of the people about the mouth of the Hudson have disturbed this order of Nature and made the front door on Manhattan Island. Will it always remain there? That depends on circumstances which I have not time to enumerate, much less discuss.

But it is not the coming together of the estuaries of all those great rivers that makes the neighborhood of Hampton Roads so advantageous a commercial location. Another fact of still more importance adds to its value. The Atlantic seaboard is cut off from the interior of the country by two great mountain walls that run parallel to each other from Canada to Alabama. These two walls, with their singular parallelism, are called by different names in the different States through which they pass, but they are continuous walls from first to last, and geographers give them the generic title of the Appalachians.

The great problem in establishing lines of communication between the seacoast and the interior of the country is and always has been,

THE CROSSING OF THESE DOUBLE WALLS.

The New York Central Railroad, by taking shrewd advantage of the Mohawk and Genesee and other valleys, favored also by an unusual lowness of the mountain profile, succeeded in crossing them on better grades than most other railroads have been able to secure. The Erie Railroad did not do nearly so well in this respect, and that is one reason why that magnificent highway has had such a disastrous financial history.

The Pennsylvania Railroad takes advantage of the valley of the Susquehanna to climb the eastern slope of the mountains to a point where long curves and frequent tunnels takes it over the summits at fairly-easy grades, and at not too great expense of construction. The Baltimore & Ohio take similar advantage of the Potomac Valley, until it gets where it has to tunnel boldly through, and run down on the other side through gorges scarcely wide enough for the track, and so low down that one expects at the end of a journey to find the nose of the swiftly-running train frayed and frazzled out like the cracker of a whip.

Then, until recent years, there has been no other road across the mountains for several hundred miles until we come to Chattanooga, Tenn. There the narrow gap made by the Tennessee River bursting through the western mountain wall is taken advantage of, but the railroad runs for 250 miles between the two ranges before it finds a gap to cross the eastern wall and descend to the Atlantic seaboard.

With all the urgency to find the best, shortest and easiest railroad crossing of the great Appalachians, the one that answered all these requirements was left unoccupied for the first four decades of our era of railroad building, being formed by the union at their heads of the great Kanawha and James Valleys. The James, gathering a flood of water in the great shed between the two ranges, turns abruptly to the east, and breaks through the Blue Ridge—as the eastern range is called in Virginia—between the lofty Peaks of Otter.

Near where it bends the Greenbrier River also heads, gathering its flood from almost the same source, and going southwest with its tawny tide into the New River, which in turn empties into the Kanawha.

FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT

of the country, this has been looked upon as the great natural highway between the magnificent harbor at the mouth of the Chesapeake and the Interior. It was a favorite scheme of Washington, Jefferson, and other leading Virginians to build a canal from the head of navigation on the James to the head of navigation on the Kanawha. The James river and Kanawha canal was built from Richmond to Lynchburg, and was a most important highway. One of the staggering blows that Richmond delivered against the dying Confederacy in its famous raid around Richmond, was the cutting of the canal in several places.

AMONG THE GRAND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT

schemes that have been most frequently and most earnestly pressed upon the attention of Congress, was that of making a great ship-canal along the James and the Kanawha, from tidewater to the Ohio River, and it was one that that body has always shown a great willingness to consider. In the canal-building era it might have been put through as easily as the great National Road scheme was, for it was a work that conferred much greater benefits on the whole people. But in those days Virginia, under the lead of her alleged statesmen of the "Strict-Construction" school, was violently opposed to an "entrance of the Federal Government" into her sacred boundaries to do anything whatever, and would have none of Government aid for a work which slave-labor, tobacco-raising, and too much attention to National politics had made her too poor to do herself, as New York had done, in building the Erie Canal. Therefore she lost all chance of keeping pace with her sister States, and gradually dropt to the rear in every line of effort. She lost her chance of having the great National highway, she lost the chance of building up a great seaport at the mouth of the James, and missed many other things that would have been vastly to her profit to have had.

ASCENDING THE KANAWHA VALLEY.

The Great Kanawha pours its clear waters into the Ohio, at the sleepy town of Point Pleasant, W. Va., which is one of the few places in this country possessed of a genuine, all-wool and fast-color medieval tradition, with a curse still in working order, such as you may find at every nook and corner in Europe. At Point Pleasant the Indians made their last desperate stand for the country south and east of the Ohio, and here in 1774 was fought one of the bloodiest and most determined battles in the history of Indian warfare. The whites were commanded by Col. Michael Cresap, who has been given mournful fame by Logan's celebrated speech, and the Indians were led with great skill and gallantry by the redoubtable Chief Cornplanter. The result was a complete victory for the whites, and a little while after Cornplanter came in and made his submission. A few days later his son Ellipsico came up on the opposite side of the Ohio, and after a long parley with his father and his white custodians, also gave himself up as a hostage for the good conduct of his people, receiving in return the most solemn promises of safety. But, unfortunately, some wandering Indians shot a white hunter on the opposite side of the Ohio, a little later, which so infuriated the whites at the fort that they burst through the guards around the two chiefs, and slaughtered them in cold blood, the Indians meeting their fate with great dignity and composure. In his last moments however, the old chief is said to have pronounced a curse upon the place for the bad faith displayed toward him, which has blighted it ever since.

The legend is strongly supported by two facts. The Indians were certainly killed in the aggravatingly base manner described, and Point Pleasant, though possessing great natural advantages, is as dead and dull as a place can be, where they receive a regular mail, and go through the form of opening the stores every morning.

The only thing that I ever heard of the people of the Town doing since the tragic episode referred to, was during the excitement of the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry, when some of the more excitable ones planted a small field piece on the bank of the Ohio, with its little three-inch mouth threatening the whole of the great State that two years later sent 256,000 armed men swarming across the river to crush the arrogant power John Brown had gallantly flung his lance at. The men on the Ohio side opposite Point Pleasant responded to the menacing cannon by mounting an old-fashioned wooden churn on a pair of wheels, and putting it "in battery" on their shore.

I would very much like to believe the legend in all its ghostly entirety—in the first place because my Irish blood brings with it a legacy of ineradicable fondness for the supernatural and romantic, and secondly because it would be to the betterment of public morals if we could have such a monument to testify to the blight wrought by bad faith. But the polar truth wrings out the reluctant admission that this deadness like unto a door-nail is not a characteristic peculiar to Point Pleasant, but seems epidemic among all the neighboring towns. There has never been very much for them to live for, and they have not made much of an effort to resist their fate.

SCAREY'S CREEK.

The Chesapeake & Ohio does not go to Point Pleasant. Crossing the Twelve Pole and Guyandotte Valleys, and skirting along the Ohio it enters the Kanawha Valley at Kenova, famous for one of the first fights in the war. Early in 1861 the old fire-eating ex-Governor of Virginia—Henry A. Wise—now-fledged as a Brigadier in the Rebel army, was sent to the Kanawha Valley with a force of 4,000, to occupy the country, overawe the strong Union majority and threaten the Ohio River. Gen. Cox—afterward Governor of Ohio—was sent into the valley, with about an equal force, to counteract him. Wise established his headquarters at Charleston, with a strong outpost at Scarey's Creek, where two light guns were put into intrenchments, to command the river. Gen. Cox, arriving within a few miles, sent out the Twelfth Ohio, under Col. Lowe, and a detachment of the Twenty-first, under Col. Jesse D. Norton, now of Toledo, to reconnoiter and, if possible, dislodge the Rebels. They attacked pluckily, but after three hours of artillery and musketry fighting, were beaten off, Col. Norton receiving a severe wound in the hip and being taken prisoner, and Capt. Thomas Allen and Lieut. Guy Pomeroy, of Ottawa, O., both promising young officers, being killed. Cox eventually maneuvered Wise clear out of the valley, but at the head of the Union General encountered a superior force under the notorious Floyd, and there was a long series of sharp little fights, which usually resulted in the discomfiture of the Rebels.

The whole valley was a battle-ground from the beginning to the close of the war, and Union and Rebel troops alternately chased each other up and down it, with blood in their respective eyes, and 60 rounds of cartridges to the man. The people themselves were divided, with the Union sentiment strongly preponderating, and the war took on the bitterness that characterized the struggle in East Tennessee and Mountain Keatucky.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

But it is not of these

"Unhappy, far-off things, and dreadful battles long ago,"

that I would write, but rather of the marvelous scenery that delights the eyes as one whirls up the valley. But a little while after passing Scarey we come to the bright little City of Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, crowding with good substantial buildings, every foot of the space made by the union of the Elk River Valley with the Kanawha. On the solid foundations of limitless supplies of first-class salt, iron, coal and petroleum, the thrifty and energetic Charlestonians are building up a fine superstructure of substantial wealth.

As we go onward the valley narrows, and the mountains rise precipitously, until the opening between them becomes a mere gorge or canyon, so narrow that the Rebels coming up on the south side used to fight spiteful little skirmishes with the Union troops stationed on the north side. The steep sides are clothed with brilliant-flowering laurel and shrub honeysuckle, with thousands of lowlier, but no less lovely wild flowers of every hue and form that charm the eye. The green of the trees is so bright and fresh that it seems as if Nature has put on new robes over night for some festal day.

The rushing train stops for a few minutes in its steady upward climb, to pant and throb beside a substantially-built brick hotel, which we are told is a notable mountain resort, and then in front of us are the celebrated Falls of the Kanawha, one of the widest and most romantic spots to be found anywhere. The clear, spring-fed waters of the river tumble with countless rushes and whirls, in sheets of foam, and rainbow-spanned cascades, over a bold ledge of granite, set in between two towering mountains.

Above the Falls parties of trout-fishers begin to appear, clad in the astonishing toggery with which one becomes acquainted by their advertisements in sporting papers, and with reels, rods and flies to correspond. It is all right, however. There is no better place in the world for a worn-out man to seek rest and recuperation than beside these bright streams that dance and brawl in the glad sunshine over the smooth rocks, and under the shadow of tangled thickets of laurel and incense-breathing eglantine. Eccentricity of costume and paraphernalia may be pardoned where Nature herself obtrudes so many eccentricities of outline to enhance her beauties.

At length we reach

HAWK'S NEST,

an eyrie rising almost to the low-lying clouds. At its base the turbulent Gauley river rushes into tumultuous union with the New river, that swirls and frets over its obstructing rocks, as it hurries to the wedding from which the Kanawha is born. We turn to the right, and run up the New river, the scenery growing wilder and more romantic every mile. Then the valley of the Greenbrier succeeds as the day wears away, and on the summit of the mountain we come to that old Saratoga of the South,

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

a charming resort, of whose praises every true Southerner's mouth is full. As seen from the cars it certainly seems worthy of all that has been said about it, for the buildings are substantial and look comfortable, the roads and drives are apparently good, and the air and scenery are certainly delightful. Signs and guide boards tell of the neighborhood of all manner of famous health giving springs—bearing names that, if custom had not made them familiar, would certainly be queer enough; as for instance, "Alum," "Rockbridge Alum," "Bath Alum," "Old Sweet," "New Sweet," "Cold Sulphur," "Hot Sulphur," "Salt Sulphur," "Red Sulphur," "Blue Sulphur," etc. The superabundance of sulphur in this neighborhood, and the high temperature of some of the springs, can not help recalling an old story told in connection with the locality: An old Pennsylvania German, with his son, was making his first trip across the mountains by this route and in a Conestoga wagon. He took a bucket and went to a roadside spring to get water for his team. It happened to be a hot sulphur spring. The odor reached his nose at the same moment that some of the water splashed on his hand. He dropped the bucket, and running back to the wagon, shouted:

"Drive on, Jake! Hell is not more as a mile from this place!"

JOHN MCELROY.

LINCOLN COUNTY, TENN.

A Second Letter from that Section—Points for Men Seeking Locations.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Since my letter was published in the BLADE, in which I warned farmers to stay away from Lincoln county, and invited mechanics and manufacturers to come and locate here, I have received numerous letters from Ohio and other Northern States from mechanics, manufacturers, and farmers, asking me to give a description of Lincoln County. To all interested I will say that Lincoln County lies almost wholly within the central basin, and contains about 317,079 acres; surface diversified by numerous ridges and valleys. Elk River divides the County into nearly equal parts, and has some 14 tributary creeks within the County. The rock is mainly limestone. The soil, excepting a strip on the Alabama line about eight miles wide, which is on the highlands, is fertile. That of Elk River and Cane Creek is very fertile and produces well, usually producing near 1,000 pounds of seed cotton per acre. The timber is maple, lime, hickory, black locust, walnut, beech and some cedar in the central basin part of the County; chestnut, oak and black-jack on the high lands. Corn is generally fine, wheat good, millet abundant, and on the sunny slopes of the knobs there is blue grass pasturage good the year round; stock raising remunerative. Over 3,399 farms. Price of land ranges from $3.00 for the flat up-lands (or Pea Ridge) to $50.00 per acre for the rich valley lands. This county has more capital in live stock than any other in Tennessee. Fayetteville, the County seat, has a population of nearly 3,000, and no factories except one planing mill, but sorely needs others; any kind of factory from a broom factory to an iron foundry would pay here. Men with capital who wish to engage in manufactories would find it to their interest to come to Fayetteville and locate. The railroad facilities are good, the town beautifully situated on Elk River, at the junction of Norris Creek, the climate is healthy, and, owing to the surplus of farm labor, hands could be obtained without trouble to do factory work. A few new industries opened up, and Fayetteville is destined to become one of the leading manufacturing Cities of the United States. We need only a few good men to rouse our citizens from their lethargy, and when the ball is once in motion, the future is certain. Come to Fayetteville and set up your factory, ye men of capital, and you will grow with the town, and your success is certain. To all who wish to come to this County to farm I will say to you, that this is one of the best farming countries in the United States, but we have a surplus of farmers, rents are high, labor cheap, but if you are able to buy a farm you can do well here, but do not come to rent or hire. I am aware of the fact that there are unscrupulous men advising Northern men to come to Tennessee to farm, but they are rich landholders who want to get labor down. Listen not to their flattery. If you come to Tennessee as a mechanic, you will meet with success.

Fayetteville, Tenn. W. A. F.

How Bourbon Rule is Perpetuated in South Carolina.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Being no newspaper correspondent, yet thinking a few items from "down South" would interest your many readers, I will try to give you some.

The political cauldron is beginning to bubble and boil, with the usual howl of the Bourbons ringing on every side. The Republicans are jubilant over the nomination of the statesman from Maine and the "Black Eagle" of Illinois. Though the legalized form of stealing the rights of freemen prevents us electing State or county officers, we are going to do our best to carry the State for the Republican electors.

Three managers have charge of boxes for electors and Congressional candidates, while certain distance off three others have five other boxes. On each of these lies the Bourbon ticket for that special box, so that if a voter, no matter how illiterate, votes that ticket it is sure to get in the right box. The voters have to go in one at a time and no one is allowed to speak or point out the proper box; and if the voter cannot read the label on the box, he knows not where to place it. Any ticket found in the wrong box is thrown out.

You see at a glance the plan concocted to smother the Republican majority in this State. They have all the machinery of the State governments in their hands, and wr have no chance for the redress of our wrongs.

The Bourbon hope of victory in the Presidential contest hangs upon the vote of Ohio, Indiana and New York. In the name of humanity and the downtrodden rights of Southern Republicans, I appeal to voters of these States to let no differences, no considerations, influence them to let the victory be lost.

No matter how good a man may be on the Democratic ticket, if elected he would have to yield the reins of Government to the Bourbons of the South or abdicate his seat. Why, every petty trial justice in this State would demand a place on the Cabinet, while there would not be offices enough in the United States to give a place to the horde from South Carolina. "We have put you in power, and we demand recognition," would be their cry.

This is no fancy picture drawn for effect; and if any one thinks it is, just let victory perch upon the banner of the Democracy, and it will be fully realized.

I am a native born Republican, and no one knows better than I, the spirit in which the Bourbons unite with the Democratic party of the North. It is not for the principles of Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson, but for place and power. More anon. REPUBLICANO.

South Carolina, June 16.

Ashtabula, O.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Since my last letter we are actually suffering for rain. It is now as dry and parched here as it usually is in the latter part of July and August. It does appear to many of us that our seasons are considerably changed, and it requires skill to so manage as to get crops. Two weeks ago everything looked promising, especially potatoes and oats; now they begin to show signs of a half-maturity, and the farmers are cutting their grass with all possible speed in order to save it from being burned up. Corn is needing rain also, but can be managed by proper cultivation, to withstand the drouth better than some other crops. Our town people have established two Summer resorts recently, on the lake shore. One is near ne, about two and one-half miles west of the harbor; the other, one mile east of it. The one in this neighborhood comprises 18 acres of land, beautifully shaded, with gentle slope to the shore, and already has ten fine cottages erected, some of which will cost $2,000. They are large, neatly painted, and good enough for anywhere. The grounds are regularly laid out, and when everything is completed will be very attractive, and already are very popular. The bank is about 100 feet high in some places and almost perpendicular. At this point there is usually cool and refreshing breezes at most any hour of the day. The creek empties into the lake here, which affords an excellent place to keep the pleasure boats, and for bathing. People from the southern towns flock here in large numbers almost daily through the hot season. This ground was obtained only a few years since by Rev. Mr. Nutting, of Austinburg, O., for $800. To-day $8,000 would not purchase it, independent of the cottages, which are owned by private individuals. It mention this to show that rise in property here. Not very many years ago our town and harbor were completely dead—no life, no business. Now everything is booming, and the old port of Ashtabula is of great commercial importance. Already there is built up a lively little City, doing more real business than is done up town. The place promises to continue on, as the natural advantages are very favorable for handling ore and coal, also for refining oil, etc. Everything is substantially built up. The largest crafts can enter the port, and not unfrequently as many as 30 large vessels are loading and discharging cargoes at once. Foreigners flock here by the hundreds, mostly Swedes, who are strong, steady, honest, hard working fellows.

The BLADE is taken by quite a number about here, and is generally liked. I have obtained some subscribers, and received the Waterbury watch as a premium. So far it has kept correct time. I have read the BLADE for over a year, and candidly think it is the best paper for country people, to say nothing of its low subscription price. —C. HENRY COOK.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that, tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

A Wife's Mistake.

Mrs. Hutchinson, of Washington, who lost $116,000 by the failure of Middleton & Co., was the daughter of an iron-maker in Baltimore. Her husband originated in Massachusetts. He had some nervous trouble toward the end of his life, and desired to distribute his property between his two daughters and his wife. The wife thought she ought to have control of the property at large. She pressed to collection a number of mortgages on real estate, and put the money into the bank, thereby enjoying the doubtful reputation of having the largest bank account in Washington. The bank slipped up, all the money disappeared and the estate of Mr. Hutchinson, which was considered worth three-quarters of a million when he died, is now reduced to the revenues on real property. Good men are missed when they pass away.

Imitations and Substitutes

of Horsford's Acid Phosphate, that are dangerous to health, are in the market. Call for "Horsford's" and take no other.

The Bashful Boy.

Robert, a bashful young student of Cupid, recently summoned up enough courage to escort a young lady home. At the breakfast table next morning his father said:

"Well, my son, did you go home with any of the girls last night?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Who was she?"

Robert hesitated, but finally blurted out:

"I thought it was Annie Warren, but when we got to the turn of the road she went into Ella Ham's house."

"But I should think you might have told by the sound of her voice," said his father.

"Neither of us said a word," said Bob blushing and stammering.

Blaine at Bowdoin.

BRUNSWICK, Me., July 10.—James G. Blaine attended the commencement of exercises at Bowdoin College. At the alumni dinner, when Blaine was called upon, there was a perfect storm of applause, and it was a long time before he was able to proceed. He said: "I had little idea, when I accepted your invitation to be present to-day, that I should receive from your hand the great honor of a degree from Bowdoin College. It is a great dignity to be ranked with those who throughout the whole land of letters have done honor to this institution. His Excellency named one of the greatest men the country ever saw, Mr. Fessenden, and I question whether there is to be found within the circuits of this country an institution which, within four years of its life, can show such names as William Fessenden, Franklin Pierce, Sargent Prentiss and J. P. Hale in public life and in that wider and higher life in literature such names as Henry W. Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne. I like Bowdoin College. I am sure it is a nursery of good health. There is one of its graduates here who took his diploma 45 years ago. John Mussey. My friend and neighbor, Hon. J. W. Bradbury, who has honored every trust to which he has been appointed, took his diploma 60 years ago. I am a little old-fashioned, but I am conservative, having had my education in an old-fashioned College." Blaine here related an anecdote illustrating his conservatism in relation to colleges. He said "I don't believe it is right to decide on a cent for a boy's education when he is 16 or 17 years old. We have reached an exalted point in skill, in manufactures. It is an age when I find it unpleasant before me on the table made of the same material as the car wheel on which I rode down from Augusta this morning. He closed with a feeling tribute to Prof. Packard."

At the close of the speech Mr. Blaine held an informal reception in the hall. He left for Augusta on the 6:30 train. An immense gathering was present at the depot to see him off.

Decision Relating to Duty on Baggage.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Sec. Folger has made a decision in reference to the baggage of tourists returning to this country from abroad, which is of general interest. Wm. Butler Duncan and family, of New York, returned from Europe last month. They had two trunks, two packages and a bag, containing the trousseau of Miss Duncan, the daughter of Mr. Duncan, who is shortly to be married. In addition to the trousseau, which was handsome and costly, were wedding presents in the shape of silverware which cost $146, and a piece of chintz which cost $6. Mr. Duncan claimed that all these articles, the trousseau and the wedding presents, were entitled to be entered free of duty, on the ground that the recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, in the case of Astor vs. Merritt, permitted a traveler to bring in all such personal belongings without payment of duty.

Mr. Duncan paid the duty under protest, and appealed to Sec. Folger, who has decided "that all goods are dutiable inasmuch as they exceeded in kind, quantity and value, such as any passenger was in the habit of bringing over for his own use." The wedding trousseau and the silver-ware, the Secretary holds, do not come under the head of wearing apparel, within the meaning of the law, being intended for a special occasion.

A Counterfeiter Caught.

ERIE, Pa., July 8.—A boodle working operation on a large scale was nipped in the bud to-day, and Luke S. Currier, the well-known Michigan operator, was by a clever ruse unmasked and captured by Charles L. Hawes, proprietor of the Erie City Hotel. Currier registered at the hotel last January and proposed to sell the latter $1,000 worth of bogus bills, the safety of which was tested by changing one in a bank. The bill was of course genuine, but was represented as counterfeit to deceive Hawes. By the advice of an officer correspondence, concerning the deal, was kept up, but until to-day Currier could not be got back to Erie. When he arrived Hawes placed Deputy United States Detective Simon Benson behind a desk, and when Currier had given detailed directions for disposing of the money which Currier was to send, etc., Hawes called upon the detective to rise. Confronted with this well-known officer Currier would have fled, but outside the door stood an armed officer who received and ironed him with alacrity. On the way to jail he threw away a letter containing a list of his Detroit, Chicago and New York aliases. The bills he was to deliver were on the Iron City Bank, of Pittsburg.

Two Steamers Wrecked, but Passengers Saved.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 13.—The steamer "Empress" went down to Lepreau this morning and took on board the passengers wrecked on the steamer "State of Maine," also passengers' luggage and vessel's furniture, and returned to this port. The "State of Maine" was going at full speed through dense fog when she struck a rock. Capt. Pike and pilots were in the wheel-house at the time. They heard Point Lepreaux fog whistle and thought they were safe, as they imagined they were keeping the vessel further from the shore than usual. The current was unusually strong, however, and the steamer was carried on the reef. She will prove a total loss, but her machinery will probably be saved.

CALDERA, July 13, (via Galveston).—Yesterday morning the steamer "Majocho," belonging to the South American Company, struck a rock off Caldera light house, in a dense fog. The steamer, in a sinking condition, was run ashore. The passengers and nearly all the cargo were saved.

The Postal and the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Negotiations are pending for a union of the interests of the Postal Telegraph Company and the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company. No action has been taken, although there is a strong belief expressed by the persons interested that an agreement will be reached soon. No idea of consolidation is understood to be entertained. What is proposed is an arrangement similar to that entered into by the Postal and Bankers' & Merchants' Company, which necessarily will be a party to any plan that is adopted. It is desired to reduce expenses by the abolition of competing offices, and the avoidance of the building of competing lines between the Postal and the Baltimore & Ohio, and in other ways to bring the operations of the two companies into close harmony. The Baltimore & Ohio Company have decided to reduce its rate to Chicago from 40 to 25 cents for 10 words.

Triple Drowning and Wonderful Escape.

DETROIT, July 9.—Two girls, aged 12 and 13, went from this City to Sandwich, below and on the opposite side of the river, on the ferryboat, Sunday evening. There they fell in with two young men of about 18, who took them out on the river in a row boat. Swells, caused by a passing propeller, upset the boat, and both the young men and one girl were drowned. The other girl clung to the boat all night and until Monday afternoon, when she was finally rescued, having drifted seven miles down the river and lodged in the rushes on the Canadian side, where her cries at last attracted the attention of a farmer at work in a field adjoining. The names of the young men are unknown. The drowned girl was named Millie Beach. The name of the girl whose pluck and endurance saved her life is Mary Maney.

Will They Lose a Day's Pay?

WASHINGTON, July 11.—A nice question for the law officers of the Government to decide is whether every salaried official from the President down to the spittoon cleaner has not lost a day's pay in the Presidential case it would be about $160, but he can stand it better than some of the laborers and clerks. The law provides that no employe of the Government shall receive pay for which no appropriation has been made. All appropriations expire on the last day of June. Congress extended them for five days. That provides for salaries to the 7th of July. The new Appropriation bills were not passed till the 7th and could not go into effect until they were signed by the President. That left the 6th of July, which was Sunday, unprovided for, and the Controller of the Treasury must decide whether the bill can be retroactive. It is claimed that it can.

The P., C. & T. Railroad Swallowed Up.

PITTSBURG, July 9.—The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company have purchased the Pittsburg, Cleveland & Toledo Road. The terms are not known, but it is understood that they will take care of the paper issued by the Pittsburg, Cleveland & Toledo Company, with the endorsement of Commodore Garrison, Andrews Bros., and Wm. McCreery. This insures the Baltimore & Ohio uninterrupted Western connections.

Honoring Blaine.

BRUNSWICK, Me., July 10.—At the commencement exercises at Bowdoin College to-day, Gen. Chamberlaine and Hon. Joseph Titcomb were elected trustees. The degrees of Doctors of Laws were conferred upon James G. Blaine, W. L. Putnam, of Portland, Prof. John H. Coffin, of Washington, and Morris C. Blake, of San Francisco. When Blaine arrived he was met at the depot by Profs. Smith and Robinson, and went to the home of Gen. Chamberlaine.

FROM BOSTON.

A Very Remarkable Man—Dr. Flower—Who He Is and What He Does.

BOSTON, July 13, 1884.

All the great men in the world are not in politics, literature or finance. There are Vanderbilts in every profession.

One of the most remarkable men in this City, and one who has been for some years, and is now, attracting the most attention, is Dr. R. C. Flower, a physician. He attracts attention, not because he has sought it, but because he is remarkable. He is like no other physician in the world, his methods being entirely different, and his practice altogether unique. He differs from the rest of the profession in his methods of diagnosing, in his way of ascertaining and locating disease, and in the treatment afterwards. And he differs from most other physicians in the one particular of being uniformly successful in all cases he undertakes. This is perhaps the most startling point of difference.

Dr. Flower is a man of medium height, with a clear-cut, intelligent face, a pleasant, winning manner, a manner that inspires confidence, and a rather brusque, but entirely considerate, address. His brusqueness comes from the fact that his time is taken perpetually, from early morning till late at night, and he has no time to spare for circumlocution or unnecessary words. It is only apparent, for a man has the interest of his patients more at heart, and no man feels more keenly for the suffering.

I have visited Dr. R. C. Flower's office frequently, and met and conversed with patients from all parts of the globe. In conversation one day with some patients, while waiting my turn (there are from 50 to 100 waiting all the time) for an interview with the Doctor, I had the good fortune to hear Mrs. Emma Storey, of 3 Cumberland Terrace, Portland, Me., relate her experience as a patient of Dr. Flower.

"About one year ago," said this bright little Yankee woman, "I came to see Dr. Flower. My affection was one of the worst, a most dreadful scrofulous humor, suffering with an excruciating burning, while stinging, cancerous pains shot up into the breast. The scrofulous poison, like an eating cancer, had spread nearly over my body, consuming rapidly flesh, muscle and bone. The bones of the breast were exposed where the flesh had been consumed. My appetite had long since left me; my strength was all gone. I could hardly walk. My physicians had given me up to die, and believing, as I had for some time, that my life at best was short and that this brief period must be one of great suffering. I came to Dr. Flower as a last resort, fearing that like all other physicians, he would either decline to take my case, or if he did so only to abandon it at an early day. After an examination the Doctor said he could not promise to cure me, that the chances were against my getting well, though he thought there were some chances in favor of my recovery. "I will take your case if you desire it," he said, "and do for you all that I can, and this is all that I can promise." To make my story short Dr. Flower began immediate treatment, and from that day to this it has seemed like a dream. I was conscious from the beginning that I was not in the hands of an ordinary physician. His diagnosis of my case was a marvel. He accurately and in detail described my disease from its origin, better than I could have told him, and his every change in the treatment of my case has been that of a master. He has never made a mistake. My improvement has been just as he said it would be. Look at me now! I am a well woman. The sores are all healed. My blood is chemically pure and I am happy, happy once more. And all the treatment was done at my own home. You can not tell me anything about Dr. Flower, which belongs to the treatment of disease, that I can not believe.

DR. FLOWER'S OFFICES.

I can hardly give a description of these offices. *The crowds, the crowds, the crowds,* and that is about all I can say. I remarked to an old white-headed Rhode Island Judge, that one might suppose that Dr. Flower's offices were a great thoroughfare leading from one country to another, judging from the crowds that pass in and out. "That is just what they are," replied the Shrewd old lawyer of political fame, "they lead from disease to health, and there is no mistake about it."

Dr. Flower's officers differ from those of the ordinary physicians. His offices are at 1762 Washington street, corner Chester Park. This large, five-story building is occupied by Dr. Flower entirely for professional purposes. The long, wide basement, extending through to the driveway in the rear, is his manufacturing department and chemical rooms. Here are large steam works, boilers, condensers, vats, tanks and all modern medical and chemical apparatus.

The second floor, or floor above the basement, is used exclusively for reception rooms and the Doctor's private offices. The first large reception room is nearly 70 feet in length, with five large double windows, veranda in front, which is richly shaded by the typical New England elms. The next floor is all offices; then comes the Secretary's and Stenographer's room, and the apartments of the cashier's and bookkeeper's. This corner is a bee-hive of industry. From the shipping rooms are sent every week thousands of boxes of Dr. Flower's medicines. The manager of one of the largest express companies told me that Dr. Flower ships more boxes of remedies by express than any hundred physicians in the country.

I made extensive inquiry regarding Dr. Flower both as a man and physician, among bankers, merchants and manufacturers who had never had any professional association with him. They all gave him a most earnest endorsement as a great physician, and as a man of marvelous ability, shrewd, sharp and quick, unpretentious, free from the spirit of boastfulness, a man of large benevolence, unexcelled socially, and one who never started out to do anything that he did not succeed in. He is a man who has an unlimited acquaintance (I mean unlimited) and friends by the thousands. He has, of course, his share of enemies, and I talked with them as well as his friends. I find that they are either persons of prejudice who know but little or nothing of him, or are professionally jealous of him. He has been remarkably successful in business as well as in his practice, and those who have seen fit to put their efforts against him and have failed, naturally feel sore over the ultimation of events.

Dr. Flower is one of the most busy men I ever saw, and he seems most happy when he has most to do. His work is a work of method, everything is systematized and moves without jar or conflict. He employs a great many people in the West and South as well as the East. He can tell you any day what each person is doing and what each person can do.

Dr. Flower's home is on Commonwealth avenue, the finest avenue in the City. His home is one of the most elegant in the East, a place of art, culture, richness and finish. He is extremely domestic in his nature and when he is not actively engaged in his profession you will find him at his home. It is said that he never spent an evening away from his home unless his family were with him, except compelled to be absent by most important business.

Dr. Flower makes a Western visit for the purpose of seeing his patients about once in six or eight weeks. He visits on these journeys some fifty or Cities in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. This enables patients in the West who need to consult him to do so without making the long journey to Boston. He has over 9,000 patients west of Ohio, hence the importance of Western visits occasionally.

A most peculiar feature in his practice is his method of examination. He never asks a patient his trouble, as he can tell anybody their trouble as soon as he sees them.

It is said by those who know him that Dr. Flower has made over 112,000 examinations, that he never made a mistake in most accurately describing the disease, yet he never asked a patient to describe his trouble to him—and this is never done from the fact that he can tell anyone his disease better than he can tell himself, without asking a question.

Mrs. French, wife of Mr. Charles C. French, Commission Forwarder, 99 Central wharf, said to me:

"He described my trouble without asking me a question better than I could have told him. My liver and stomach were in a dreadful condition. The bile had gone all through my system. I was as yellow as saffron. The itching day and night was unbearable. My kidneys were in a dreadful condition. None of my friends thought I could live but a short time. I had treated with several of the best physicians in the city, but without any benefit whatever. Dr. Flowers' treatment was different from that of any other physician. He seemed to understand my trouble as it was never understood before. Well, I did not see any marked improvement the first two months, but he kept telling me he could see a marked improvement and then after nine or 10 weeks I began to improve very rapidly, and to-day I consider myself a well woman. I have not taken any of Dr. Flowers' remedies for about six months, and do not feel as though I shall ever need any more medicine. He told me it would take at least five or six months to cure me, and inside of the time specified I was entirely cured."

JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT,

81 Milk street, Boston, said: "Yes, sir; you can say to the world that Dr. R. C. Flower is a most skillful and remarkable physician. I have been in business in this city for 25 years and am pretty well acquainted with the physicians of Boston, but I never knew a physician like Dr. Flower, and don't think there ever was another such man. I was in the army three years and had malaria—nervous prostration followed and paralysis set in. I treated with the most skilled physicians of the different schools, but they did me me no good. I grew worse and worse. I consulted Dr. Flower. He described my troubles, without asking me a question, better than I could have told him. He treated my case for a few months and cured me. This was some years ago. I have been in excellent health ever since. Look at me! Did you ever see a healthier looking man?"

DAVID MCNEIL, of the firm of McNeil & Miller, manufacturers, Winchester, Mass., said:

"Yes, I have known Dr. R. C. Flower for years. I cannot say enough in his praise as a physician. Several years ago I was suffering with cancer in the stomach and ulceration of the liver. I treated with the best physicians in the country. They were not only unable to cure me, but to give me relief. The burning, stinging pains were unbearable and indescribable, my nerves were broken down, I wasted to a mere skeleton. I had given up all hope of getting well and none of my family or friends thought I could live but a few weeks. I was advised to consult Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston. I did so. He described my disease so minutely that I was satisfied he understood my case. I put myself under his treatment and in a few months I was entirely cured. This was some years ago, and I have been in excellent health ever since. I never go in my life that I do not call on Dr. Flower. Friends go to Dr. Flower, and I tell you if you have anything the matter with you go to Dr. Flower and if he can't cure you I don't think there is any cure for you.

N. D. Whitney, corner Fremont and Winter street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Whitney is one of the leading business men and largest merchants of the city. In answer to the question, What do you think about Dr. Flower as a physician? Mr. W. replied:

"Well, s

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

GENERAL ETIQUET

XXXV.

Perhaps you have heard of the man who was amazed to find that there was another side to the picture which he was admiring. Turned to his gaze, its ugliness disturbed him to such an degree that the impression of the beauty which had first charmed him was entirely obliterated, and he at once ordered that it should be set into the wall so firmly that the homely side could never again offend his vision.

In this life it generally happens that there are two sides to almost everything, and people are quite ready to keep the pleasant one face out. It is a good thing to do except when it works injustice to others, or puffs one up with vain self-conceit, because it produces contentment and a measure of happiness. Yet it is sometimes necessary to turn the reverse of the picture and that is what I am going to do now.

Last week I told you how often people in the country are imposed upon by their City friends, who feel that a day, or a week, or a month away from the hot, dusty streets and stifling atmosphere of the town, would be a pleasure and a benefit, and govern themselves accordingly. Gathering themselves—and that in many cases means their wardrobe—together, away they go, and settle like locusts upon farmer's people who chance to be friends or relatives, and there they stay, regardless of anything but the fact that they are having fresh air, and golden butter, and sweet cream to their hungry stomach's content.

A sad day of reckoning comes to some of them. Winter and cold are not so pleasant in the country, when the roads are almost impassable and the mercury has a way of galloping down to zero. The long evenings by the blazing fire, with the wind howling upon the outside, are pleasant and poetical to talk about, but they do sometimes become monotonous. You remember Whittier's picture in "Snow Bound:"

> Unwarned by any sunset light
> The gray day darkened into night,
> A night made hoary with the swarm
> And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
> As zigzag wavered to and fro
> Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
> And ere the early bed-time came
> The white drift piled the window frame
> And through the glass the clothes-line posts
> Looked like tall tents and shrouded ghosts.
>
> So all night long the storm roared on—
> The morning broke without a sun;
> In tiny spherule traced with lines
> Of Nature's geometric signs,
> In starry flake and pellicle,
> All day the hoary meteor fell;
> And, when the second morning shone,
> We looked upon a world unknown,
> On nothing we could call our own.
> Around the glistening wonder bent
> The blue walls of the firmament,
> No cloud above, no earth below;—
> A universe of sky and snow!

In the midst of the weariness which this sort of thing long drawn out brings, there comes a thought of the cousins or friends in the City, the bright, lively City, where everything is gay and full of excitement, where are theaters and operas, parties and visiting to the heart's content, and where the time never hangs heavy, no matter how stormy and cold it may be.

Why not accept the invitation to return the visit made in the Summer? And so the trunk is packed, and full of anticipations of pleasure, the farm and country are left behind to seek the hospitality of the City friends. More than likely they have not written of their coming, or if they have it was simply an announcement with no question as to the convenience of their being entertained. The flight of the locusts is now in the opposite direction. Perhaps they find a houseful of other guests with whom they can no more associate than oil can mix with water. It does not matter. They came to have a good time. They expect to be pitched through all the big stores, though their purchases will probably be limited to a handkerchief or pair of gloves. They will be offended if not taken to all places of amusement, without regard to the cost of tickets. Should their hostess omit to introduce them to any one they chance to meet they feel insulted, and the sum of all sins against them is not summoning them to the parlor to see all callers.

These visitors are not modest. They pride themselves "in being as good as any one if they do live in the country." Feeling their ignorance of many social usages, they are jealous lest some of these "stuck-up" people shall despise them for it. The consequence is a self-assertive way that brings defects out more vividly while a quiet, unobtrusive manner would have shielded them from view. Upon the farm where they felt that no question could be raised as to their condition in life, they were comparatively pleasant people. In the City amid unaccustomed surroundings, they needlessly allow themselves to be boors, in their efforts to prove that they "aren't the sort of folks to be snubbed."

Under such circumstances it is not much wonder that the host and hostess find themselves mortified, and unless gifted with strong self-control disposed to keep their visitors in the back ground, and to have the visit terminated as soon as possible. It is in this way that they often gain the reproach of not returning hospitality, of being unwilling to receive in the City the people they are glad enough to visit in the country.

No doubt this accusation is sometimes true, for remember I do not say that *all* country people answer the above description any more than that all City people impose upon their country hostess. A great many times the fault lies upon both sides in thoughtlessness, a lack of consideration of the circumstances surrounding those complained of. Many times motives of actions are misjudged. Particularly does this arise from the over-sensitiveness of country people who are ready to take offence where none is intended. It is also true that there are those whose homes are in the City who have an overwhelming idea of their own superior knowledge and style and are apt to endeavor to impress it sometimes most unpleasantly upon their country relatives and visitors.

If two principles were always acted upon all ill-feeling would be avoided: The one that no rule of etiquet, or rather I should say of true courtesy, should be violated by entertainers or entertained, whether in the City or the Country, each individual remembering that a true *self*-respect will always command the respect of others; the other, that no one should ever be guilty of demanding and receiving hospitality simply for convenience sake. It is contemptible to go to any house, under the guise of friendship, for the purpose of eating and sleeping at the expense of some one else. That there are any number of people who do this, many of my readers will bear me witness.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pretty Portfolio.—Take the cover of an old book of any size that you wish. Cover the outside with black satin, upon which you have embroidered, painted or appliqued, some pretty design. Line it with crimson silk or satine. Sew crimson satin ribbons upon the short sides, opposite each other, and tie them in pretty bows. Of course the upper ones must be left considerably apart to allow of letters or pictures being slipped in. Then sew a ribbon from the top of the two ends to hang it up by. A very pretty finish to put over the over-handed seam around the edges is a fancy silk cord. If made neatly this is a very pretty and convenient article for a sitting room.

A Silk Quilt.—An exchange gives the following description of one: A pretty pattern consists of three diamonds, so placed as to imitate a cube in perspective. The diamonds should first be cut from the patterns, so true that their edges and corners will exactly meet, and turned every way, they will still unite to form the perfect cube. The rule for using this pattern is, first, cut out as many diamonds as required in stiff paper, cover these pieces of paper with the silk, lasting them firmly, then join three diamonds properly on the wrong side by overseaming, and two colors may be combined in a block—the third always being black; when a sufficient number of blocks have been made, join them so that the connecting diamonds will form tea-boxes also, or six-pointed stars; when the completed work, turned in every direction, does not invariably display tea-boxes or six-pointed stars, a mistake has been made in joining the blocks.

A Hairpin Receiver.—Get silver cardboard and cut out four pieces four inches long and three inches wide, and another piece four inches square. Work a border on the four pieces with blue or scarlet silk and a pattern in the center of each. Sew these together in the form of a square, and put in the square piece for a bottom. Slip in a lining of white cardboard, and fill with coarse horse hair.

Now knit a square for the top as follows: Cast on 30 stitches. 1. Knit plain. 2. Place the thread over the forefinger of the left hand to form a loop. Knit this loop as a stitch. Repeat like first and second rows until a perfect square has been knit. Then bind off and sew to the cardboard. Finish with a plaiting of satin and ribbon of the color of the embroidery silk used. Silver cord and very small silver tassels at the corners would be pretty.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; p, plain; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; e t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; m, make.

German Lace.—Cast on 31 stitches. 1st row—k 3 p—m 1—k 3—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—n—m 1—k 3—m 1—n—k 4—n—m 1—k 3; every alternate row plain. 2d row—k 3—m 1—k 5—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—s 1—n—pass the slipped stitch over, m 1—k 1—m 1—n—k 5—m 1—n—k 3—m 1—n—k 3. 3d row—k 3—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—n—m 1—k 3. 4th row—k 3—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 2—n—m 1—k 3. 5th row—k 3—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 5—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—s 1—n and bind as in second row—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 5—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n twice—m 1—k 3. 6th row—k 3—m 1—n twice—m 1—k 4—n—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—n twice—m 1—k 4—n—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 3. 7th row—k 4—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—n—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 3—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—n—m 1—k 1—n—k 4—n—m 1—k 3. 8th row—k 7—m 1—n—k 1—n—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 5—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—k 1—n—m 1—k 5—n—m 1—k 3. 9th row—k 8—m 1—s 1—n and bind—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 5—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—s 1—n and bind—m 1—k 6—n—m 1—k 3. 10th row—cast off 6 stitches—k 2—m 1—k 1—m 1—n twice—m 1—k 4—n—m 1—k 1—n—m 1—k 1—m 1—n—k 5—n—m 1—k 3. Here should be 31 stitches on the needle now—knit back plain and repeat from first row. MISS KATE HOOVER, Smithson, White Co., Ind.

Rose Lamp Mat.—The last number of the *Dorcas Magazine* gives the following pattern:

Materials—One ounce rose-colored Dorcas Saxony, two shades of green for the rose and leaves, one ounce of olive for the center of mat, one lone crochet hook, No. 3.

With the olive make a chain of 6 stitches and fasten in a circle, and in the circle work 10 long crochet stitches. Continue to make long crochet, round and round, taking care to widen sufficiently to make the mat lie perfectly flat until your mat is the required dimension. Fasten. Cut a circle out of cardboard the size of the mat, and cover with silk, silesia, or anything you choose, and sew the mat securely to the cardboard. The roses and leaves for the border are made as follows: Fold a slip of writing paper full in quarters of an inch wide. Now take your rose-colored Saxony and crochet one chain, and wind the wool three times around the paper and hook and draw through with short crochet stitch. Continue this until you have a piece 10 or 12 inches long. Fasten. Slip it off the paper and wind it round in shape of a rose, sewing it in shape with a needle and thread.

Now take the darkest shade of green and crochet 12 chain, and in each stitch make a treble point crochet. At the point crochet 12 treble crochets in the same stitch to make the point lie flat. Crochet the other side of leaf in the same way. Make three of these leaves. Work one row of afghan stitch round the edge with lighter shade of green, and work stem-stitch down the center and vein with same. The latter is done by taking long stitches from the center of the leaf to the edge at intervals, in imitation of the natural leaf. Attach the ends of the leaves together, and put the rose where the leaves are joined, and fasten to the edge of mat. The number of roses required will depend on the size of the mat. Dewdrops may be imitated by stringing clear glass beads on the wool before beginning the rose.

In answer to the inquiries in regard to the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration," there are some left, but they are going fast, and those who want it should send 25 cents immediately to MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, Toledo, O., and receive it post-paid

Correspondence.

FULL DIRECTIONS FOR PAPER HANGING.—"Mrs. E. M. J.," in the BLADE of the 10th, asks for information about wall papering. As to the first question, the whitewash (presuming it is lime) must be cleaned off by scraping and washing, so that no trace of it is to be seen; then give the wall a coat of good cider vinegar; by the time that has dried the wall will be ready for the paper. Next—as to the paste—take a pint of the best wheat flour and a pound paper Silver Gloss starch—second quality, I use no other—put in a wooden pail, with enough cold water to make a smooth batter, by vigorous stirring; have a kettle of boiling water ready, turn into the batter, stirring until it thickens; pour about a quart of cold water gently on the paste, not stirring in; then set in a cool place, until it is cold—if the weather is quite warm, put in a piece of alum half the size of an egg in the boiling water until it dissolves—the alum keeps the paste from souring—a teaspoonful of clove oil will keep it from moulding. If bugs or moths are numerous, two large spoonfuls of carbolic acid with the paste will eradicate them. So far we have prepared the wall and the paste. Now for the paper. It is useless to describe the cold ways of the women folks have of papering, for they all do it the same from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I am giving practical instruction of 25 year's experience.

Procure a board, not less than 18 inches width and 10 feet in length; rest it on two chair tops, or tables, so as to make it solid. If the paper has been trimmed on a machine, or by hand, take a roll and examine the figure, to see how the matching will come; having decided as to that, run out the roll on the board to the length required; observe that the lengths must be cut in the same figures each time to get the proper match. A great deal of paper matches unequally, in such cases two rolls must be cut at a time, as one will cut through the matched figures and the other midway between two figures. Get the number of long strips required by spacing the wall with a roll. Cut all the needed long strips, turn the paper face down on the board ready for work.

To put on the paste—a good whitewash or calcuimners' brush is the best, but any good wall or paste brush will answer. To prevent the paper from shifting on the board, drive a small nail or brad through each end of the paper into the board. The paste should be thinned with cold water to an even working consistency—neither too thin or too thick. To put on the wall—a paper hangers' smoother is the best, in lieu of that, a nice whisk broom, not too rough or stiff, is very good. Commence at the right hand to put on the paste; if a good quantity, no haste is required, but in brushing the work must be done rapidly to insure a good work—work from a step-ladder, pasting the paper about two inches from the lace ing, then with the brush or broom sweep down in the center a long stroke, then brush lightly towards the floor, then brush from the center to the edges; if any of the paste occur pull the paper outward from the wall, until removed, then smooth down as before. Smooth to the mop or base board as in the commencement. Mark by drawing the point of the shears over the paper at the top of the base, cut to the mark, rub down snug and one strip is on; proceed in like manner with the rest of the job. Short pieces for window and door headers must be cut to match the long strips.

When a corner is reached, split the strip according to the space, no corners are square enough to insure a good job by attempting to turn a full strip. Much more could be said by way of advice, but the article is too long already. If I have succeeded in helping E. M. J. or any other lady who does her own papering, I shall be well paid for my advice.—OLD PAPER HANGER.

TO SILK CULTURIST—HOW TO ADVERTISE THE NEW MATERIAL.—I shall select of the largest worms and lay them in the bright, warm light and feed them on the light-colored leaves, so as to develop them rapidly, and shall take some of the small ones and keep them from the strong light and feed them on the dark leaves, so as to hold them back somewhat. When the cocoon is ready I will cut a small hole at each end and remove the worm, then fray the edges of the openings and color them. I will leave a white spot on each one, and some I will color a very light blue, tinted afterward with rose madder, and some with crome yellow, permanent blue and scarlet lake, letting them blend, yet leaving strongly-marked spots, and others with crome yellow, Vandyke brown and Chinese vermillion, blending them like burnt Autumn leaves. I will make a dye of tube paint and spirits of turpentine; make it quite thin, use it cold, and apply with a very small brush, then put them in a hot oven to dry.

Now I will take a small wire and cover it with untwisted silk floss, and string the cocoon balls on it in some pretty form to hang up in the window. I will then take a few of them to the millinery stores and leave them for an advertisement, and then as fast as possible I will make other pretty things. I think the next will be some raised embroidery for corners of picture frames, of plush or velvet. I think I will have them all ready by the time you have your air castles finished.—MRS. C. E. NEWMAN.

CAKE BAKING AND OTHER THINGS.—I would like to say to "Poor Cake Baker" that I think there is as much art in baking a cake as mixing. I will give her my way: First, get a recipe that you know is good, and don't change every time you bake. Measure everything, and have them ready before you begin to mix. I always use baking powder, instead of cream of tartar and soda. Put the baking powder in 1 cupful of flour, and put that cupful in last.

Now for the mixing of cream, butter and sugar to a froth, then beat your eggs (never use the yolks for nice cake) until you can turn the dish bottom up, then mix flour, eggs and milk (if your recipe calls for it) alternately into the butter and sugar, putting in your cup with the baking powder last. Beat until smooth the same way. I do not know as it makes any difference to stir it different ways, but some cooks say it does, and as it is just as easy to stir the same way all the time, I always do so. Put a double paper in the bake pan and have all well greased. Have your oven hot enough so you can just hold your hand and arm in it until you count thirty. Of course I do not mean for the hand to touch the stove. Look in often and turn. If baking too fast lay paper on top, or set a pan of water on the grate.

I would like the address of the lady who asked about knitting machines, as my letter is too long to tell her what I know in this. After the rebuke I got from a sister about the Pentograph or Smithograph, I feel somewhat timid about entering the HOUSEHOLD. Please allow me to say I neither play by ear or paint, so I do not feel that I have "robbed any true artist of bread," so far by either, but I do embroider, and as I have some patterns I want to enlarge I am still very anxious to know how to use the pentograph. If any one has directions I will try to repay their kindness as well as return them if they will send them to me.

I would say to the sister who wrote the rebuke, that honesty in work, as well as other things is a part of my religion; and I think it is well also to possess the Christian graces, the greatest of all of which is Charity for others' mistakes (mis-spelling.) Perhaps "Bridal Rose" may not have been blessed with the same advantages to learn to spell that she has.—KATE HAWTHORN, La Place, Piatt Co., Ill.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell how to make mustard pickles or chow chow, as it is sometimes called?

I once saw some cactus plants that came from the Southwest. Is there anyone there now who would send me some? Will return postage.—DELLA.

Can any of the sisters tell me what number of the BLADE the directions are given for making a hair watch chain, and how I can obtain it?—C. S.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD send direction for making an incubator, one that I can make myself? Will send stamped envelope for directions. Please send soon as possible.—MARY PALMER, Oostburg, Wis.

Will "Meadow Lark" please tell me how to make perfumery of roses and tube roses? —JESSIE.

Will M. E. M. that gave the pattern of a baby sock with imitation slipper teil me what to do with the extra stitches in the 38th row? In the 37th row I have 33 stitches then it tells me in the 38th row to s 1—k 22 —slip and bind. Now what am I to do with the remaining 8 stitches? Also the 38th and every alternate row up to and including the 57th row it says s 1—p 12—p 2 tog, which leaves me 7 stitches to yet dispose of. I cut the directions out last Winter, do not remember the date of the paper supposing the directions were correct.—NETTIE T. FULL.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please send directions for making hair ets?—ROBIN REDBREAST.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD please inform me what to feed mocking birds when you get the old female birds and the young ones?—F. M.

Will you please publish a crocheted and knitted window lambrequin pattern? Which is more suitable for lambrequins over oil curtains, seine twine, felt cloth, or the same as the oil curtain?—MRS. M. J.

We do not quite know what you mean by oil curtains, but suppose it must be chintz in oil colors. If so a lambrequin made of the seine twine would be very pretty.—ED.

Will E. S. L. Thompson please tell how to proceed to paint a spray of morning glories? One blue and one pink, open flower, one bud and leaves. Also how to shade a calla lilly blossom when it rolls over and looks darker in a picture. I am a very new beginner and an invalid with no teacher, so please help me.—ROTHA.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD, or any other person knowing how to tan hides, give me a recipe either through the HOUSEHOLD or by letter?—W. S. H. (Box 159) Cheney, Spokane County, W. T.

Will "Meadow Lark" please inform me through the HOUSEHOLD how she makes perfumery from any flowers? It is just what I have been wanting to know for a good while.

Will some one please give a few questions for debating, as we have started a little debate but find it rather hard to find questions? Comic ones preferred. Also some good piece for a young lady to speak to a church sociable.—LUCY INNOCENSE.

Will you please answer through the columns of your paper if there is anything that can be used on the hair to turn it gray so that it will remain so forever? By doing so you will settle a question between another party and myself.—A READER.

There are things that will turn the hair gray, but as it grows out at the roots the newly grown will be dark and need a new application. It is sometimes done.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me how to can corn in glass? Also pears, or should they be canned in tin?

I will give a remedy for those suffering with corns. Pare them close once during the dark of the moon. They will disappear. Of course this is to be repeated every moon. —BUTTERCUP.

Can any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD give me a cure for chronic dyspepsia? I have tried a good many remedies, but they only help a short time, and then are as bad as ever. I have doctored till it seems but little use. I have been a victim for many years and am not very old, either. Perhaps our editor could give us a cure. Has any one ever tried compound oxygen for dyspepsia? If so, please report. Mine is sometimes called nervous dyspepsia.—FLOSS.

The subject of dyspepsia has been already fully treated of in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Please tell me how to put the plating on steel knives and forks. I have seen it done but do not know how.—ONE OF US.

Answers to Inquiries.

Concerning heaves in horses I would say if "Reader" would put a barrel in the barn half full of water, put one cupful of soda, same amount of lime and wet the feed with it, will find it a good remedy.—B. L. D.

If "Meadow Lark" will wet the sty as soon as one appears with salt and water it will prevent them.—FLOSS.

S. W. We teach in addition to the fundamental studies only botany, United States history, algebra, and must pass an examination on school law as well. Country schools give from $50 to $80 a month, $70 is the most ordinary. There is certainly nothing to prevent an energetic woman from doing very well here. Any other information will be, if possible, gladly given an inquiring sister by—ONYX, Chico, California.

In answer to "V. D. A.," for poison ivy: Bryonia Alba in the third homeopathic attenuation, in alternations with sulphur in the third attenuation, taking three drops of one in the morning and three drops of the other in the evening, will cause the attack to pass almost immediately, with hardly any eruption or distress. Nor is that all, but the remedy so affects the system as to make it proof against the poison afterwards, similar to vaccinating.—C. G. PATTON, Augusta, Wis.

If "Aunt Ann" will send her address to me I will be glad to send her some reading matter.—MRS. A. M. OSBORN, Pine Creek P. O., Calhoun Co, Mich.

If M. E. Dewey who sent piece of grandmother's lace would send her postoffice address she would much oblige MRS. JOHN LEWIS, Montello, Wis.

To can sweet or any kind of corn—One ounce of tartaric acid dissolved in a pint of water, add 1 tablespoonful to 1 qt. of corn; boil thoroly; put in any kind of cans; when using put into one can of corn a small teaspoonful of soda.

Also, some one asked for directions for skeletonizing leaves. Put freshly gathered leaves in a vessel of rainwater; let remain several weeks or until the pulp of the leaves becomes very soft; then carefully remove with a camel's hair brush. Great care will be required not to break the net work of the leaf.—EMMA DOERR, Harvel, Ills.

I have tried "F. B. C.'s" shell tidy of seine twine, and am much pleased with the result. It is real pretty. I have also tried crash tidy. I have forgotten the lady's name. It is pretty and inexpensive.—RUTH K. SELMWAY.

By putting a little cooking soda in with your rhubarb or gooseberries, while cooking, you will not need as much sugar.—MRS. W. F. Z.

If any one will send me a stamped envelope with address, I will send them directions for making feather edge lace. It is pretty for collars, as I have made several of them, but it is too long to be given here. —Box 76, Phoenicia, Ulster County, N. Y.

Will Mrs. O. E. Newman, Clinton, Ill., accept thanks of the BLADE for a very beautiful "Silk Stocking Air Castle." It is extremely unique and shows skilled handiwork.—ED.

Recipes.

Baked Milk.—This is an excellent food for consumptives and for most delicate people. Put a quart of good milk into a stone jar; cover with writing paper, tied down. Leave in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours, till it has the consistence of cream. The amount of nourishment to be derived from it is marvelous. It most closely resembles condensed milk, and does not differ much from a milk-rice pudding; the rice being a nice and digestible addition.—ED.

To Can Green Corn, Peas, etc.—Take the corn and cut it off from the cob as much as you wish to put up at once. Set your cans ready, and as you fill in the can take a potato masher and pound it down quite hard. When your cans are full put on the top and turn down part way, but not tight. Now take your washboiler and place some sticks in the bottom lengthwise for the cans to rest upon. Put in a tier of cans laying them down, put in a cloth folded several thicknesses, then more cans, and more cloth to keep them apart. Proceed in this way until the boiler is full, then fill the boiler with cold water and boil for three hours. Take out the cans, and when cool give the tops another turn to make sure they are tight. When ready for use heat up and season to taste. I have never used this for peas and beans, but can see no reason why it would not be good. If any reader of the HOUSEHOLD should try this I would like to hear from them.—MRS. F. M. WATERS. Climax, Mich.

Item About Raised Biscuit.—I wish to tell those of the HOUSEHOLD who are not aware of the fact that if, in making raised biscuit or bread dough, they will rub each separate biscuit all over with melted butter or lard, then place in tin to rise, when baked they will separate, leaving the sides smooth and fine, instead of ragged.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Preserved Watermelon in Place of Citron.—Take the rind of watermelon, after cutting off the green outside, with equal quantity of sugar, cooking down the syrup till thick; then cut on plates. Keep in close dish. It is excellent for cakes, pies, etc. To keep butter hard in hot weather without ice, invert a large crock of earthenware, not glazed, (size according to the dish containing butter) over the dish on which the butter is. The porousness of the earthenware will keep the butter cool and hard, and all the more so if the pot be wrapped in a wet cloth and a little water in the dish with the butter.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Mush.—Mix well together 3 lbs. of sugar and 1 qt. of water; when cool, add 1 oz of tartaric acid, and vanilla to taste. It is ready for use at once; if it is to be kept, bottle and cork securely. When used, put 3 tablespoonfuls in a tumbler, add ¼ of a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and fill the glass with ice-water.

Feather Cake.—For "Tirzah": Take 2 cupsful sugar, ½ cupful butter, ⅔ of cupful milk, 3 cupsful flour, 3 eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Will some one please send me directions for making hair chains? They were in the paper before I commenced taking it.—GUSTY.

Light Graham Bread.—Sift the flour, scald about ⅓ of it; then add enough cold water or milk to cool and soften it; then add a little salt and soda, and the yeast (I use salt rising), and stir stiff with a spoon or the hand, but don't knead it; then take it out in your baking pans and let it rise. I don't use very deep ones, as a thick loaf is more apt to fall. I don't sponge it.—

Sliced Tomatos.—Take thoroly ripe tomatos, dip quickly into boiling water, pare and slice. Eat with vinegar, salt and pepper, or with sugar and cream, same as peaches.

A Delicious Dish.—Bake sweet apples, and slice. Sweeten nice cream, flavor with lemon, vanilla or nutmeg, and pour over apples.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Watermelon Tea Dish.—Take a fully ripe watermelon, put on ice until thoroly cold, slice, remove seeds and cut any shape you prefer: squares, diamonds stars, size sufficient for mouthful, put layer into glass dish, sprinkle with granulated sugar, another layer with sugar, until you fill your dish, sprinkle sugar over top, return to ice-box until wanted for tea. Dish and eat the the same as any kind of fruit. You will be delighted.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Fruit Cakes.—On e cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls buttermilk, 1 cupful thick cream, nutmeg and 3 teaspoonfuls of baking soda, and flour enough to make the dough so you can roll it out good, and it won't stick to your rolling-pin; fry in lard. They are splendid. I always use baking soda; it is a great deal better than salaratus.

Marble Cake Light Tart. White sugar 1½ cupful, butter ½ cupful, sweet milk ½ cupful, soda ½ teaspoonful, cream of tartar 1 teaspoonful, white of 4 eggs, flour 2½ cupfuls, beat up good.

Dark Tart. Brown sugar 1 cupful, molasses ½ cupful, butter ½ cupful, sour milk ½ cupful, soda ½ teaspoonful, cream of tartar 1 teaspoonful, flour 2½ cupfuls, yolks of 4 eggs, cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg ground, of each ½ teaspoonful, beat well, put in your dish 1 spoonful of the light and dark.—TOPSY.

To Put up Fruit in Glass Jars or Cans.—Fill the jar with the nicest fruit you can find. Stale, half decayed fruit is not fit to eat in any way. Make a thick syrup of the best sugar; fill the jar with syrup. Put on the cover leaving the rubber off. Take the wash boiler or any kettle; put sticks or straw on the bottom to keep the jars from breaking; have even so jars will stand straight; fill kettle up to neck of jars with cold water; boil from ½ to 1 hour; take out and fill with hot syrup, put on rubber and seal up. After standing 2 or 3 hours, tighten up and set away in a dark, cool dry place. Peaches and pears should be dropped into cold water after paring to prevent changing color. In preserving your fruit in this way it will retain its color, form and flavor.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

"Woman and Her Diseases,"

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for three letter stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Young Folks.

OVER THE FENCE IS OUT.

BY FRANK W. STAUFFER.

In the noisy plays of our boyish days,
As we batted the ball about,
We had a rule, after hours of school,
That "Over the fence was out."
And though we are men, we think now and then
Of that rule of our childish day;
We feel its force, with a tinge of remorse,
In graver matters than play.

In struggle and greed, to supply every need,
We shorten life's meagre span;
And the gush of joy in the beardless boy
Is lost in the bearded man.
We rear up false claims, we miss our best aims,
And go down in the noise and rout;
We find out too late, by not batting straight,
That "Over the fence is out."

We toil and we dig, we rear and we rig,
We barter, we venture, we sail;
We bend every will, we mount every hill—
Forget we are human and frail.
Our energies wasted, true bliss untasted,
We are whirled like dead leaves about,
In life's bleak December, too late to remember
That "Over the fence is out."

PERSEVERANCE.

Dear Polly, these are joyful days,
Your feet can choose their own sweet ways;
You have no care of anything.
Free as a swallow on the wing,
You hunt the hay-field over
To find a four-leaved clover.

But this I tell you, Polly dear,
One thing in life you need not fear;
Bad luck, I'm certain, never haunts
A child who works for what she wants,
And hunts a hay-field over
To find a four-leaved clover.

The little leaf is not so wise
As it may seem in foolish eyes:
But then, dear Polly, don't you see,
Since you were willing carefully
To hunt the hay-field over,
You found your four-leaved clover.

Your patience may have long to wait,
Whether in little things or great;
But all good luck you soon will learn,
Must come to those who by earn.
Who hunts the hay-field over
Will find the four-leaved clover.

THE CAPTAIN.S STORY.

BY B. BIGSBY.

"I can never pass that spot without thinking of an event that happened two years ago," said the Captain of the "Fly-by-Night," a Lake passenger-boat trading between Detroit and Port Huron, as he pointed to a small house two miles away on the American shore of Lake Huron. It was a trim white cottage with green lattice-work, a well-kept little lawn, and in front of it a tall flag-pole set into the roof of a pagoda-like Summer-house. Below it, at the lake, was a dock, and on a huge signpost one could read, "Warner's Landing."

"it belonged," continued the Captain, "to old Capt. Warner, who sailed the 'Boscobel.' He died and left the property to his nephew, in the State of New York, who brought his wife and little boy with him to live there. He was a gentlemanly young man, well educated, and on the right side of 30. His wife was as trim a little lady as I ever saw; pretty as a picture, and as light-hearted as a school-girl. Not one of your namby-pamby fashionable young women, but a fresh, healthy New England girl with a woman's heart and a man's courage.

"But the gem of the family was their boy Willie, who was nearly seven years old, and I do think the cheeriest and most sensible little fellow in the State. Sailors have always a soft spot in their hearts for children, and the way that youngster carried on during the trip from Detroit, when we brought the family up here, was a constant pleasure and surprise. He was the king of the boat. The steward's cabin, the pilot-house, the porter's pantry, the ladies' parlor —he appropriated to himself in free pass every where, and used it liberally. He found a snug corner for himself in the hearts of all on board. Why, I remember one day, after the family had been in the house there about three months, a deck-hand, a surly fellow who never had a civil word for any one, lugging out of his pocket a colored picture-book and leaving it at the Landing, with 'For Willie, with Joe Price's love' written on it.

"It was a lonesome spot for such people to settle in, and I often wondered how they could reconcile themselves to it, until I learned that Capt. Warner had made it a condition of his will that they must live at the Landing for two years.

"One day, when they had been there about six months, we took up the river from Detroit to them a small pleasure-skiff with 'The Willie' painted in gilt letters on the stern.

"I never saw a child so pleased. He took to that boat like a duck to water. We used to see him on nearly every trip as we passed sculling himself about in the slip like a born sailor. I don't believe in allowing children to be too venturesome on the water, and so I told his father; but he laughed, and said he thought Willie was sensible enough to take care of himself.

"One day we were signalled to stop at Warner's Landing. William Warner was going to New York. His wife and boy were on the dock, wishing him as tearful a good-bye as if he were on a two years' voyage to Greenland.

"He too was in low spirits. He came and sat by me in the pilot-house, and looked as glum as if there'd been a death in his family. At last he said, very solemn and earnest, 'Do you believe in presentiments of evil, Capt. Kenyon?'

"'No!' I said, quite sharply, for I don't like to see a man give way to such nonsense.

"He went down on deck then, half-offended, and left the boat at Detroit without even bidding me good-bye. We were late leaving on our return trip that night, and I was surprised to see, just before we started, Warner come on board. He had a small parcel in his hand.

"'Captain,' he said, 'I want you to be sure to leave this at the Landing on your way up.'

"'I can't,' I said, for I saw it was only an excuse to get me to call and see that the folks were all safe. 'We're late here, and at Port Huron we've a lot of staves to take on, which will make us later still.'

"But he persisted, and when I saw how down-hearted he looked, I told him to give the parcel to the clerk and I would see what I would do when we arrived opposite the Landing. We left Port Huron in the middle of the following day. It had been very hot all the morning, but as the afternoon advanced, a stiff west wind, accompanied by a drizzling rain, began to blow.

"It was so late when we reached the Landing that I had quite determined not to call; in fact, we stood out in the lake a mile further than our usual course. I was taking a dog-snooze in my berth, when the mate awoke me.

"'There's a woman, sir, on Warner's Landing signalling us, and I think something's wrong there.'

"I was on deck in a minute. 'Give me the glass,' said I, and I soon made out that it was Mrs. Warner, making frantic gestures to catch our attention. She was bare-headed, and stood in the rain at the end of the landing. Then she ran into the house and began to wave a white table-cloth from one of the upper windows.

"'Very likely she wants to know if her dear William got to Detroit safely,' I grumbled; 'but I suppose we'd better round to.'

"As the boat made the dock the clerk sprang ashore, and in a few moments we had the whole story. Willie had been playing with the skiff in the slip, as he had done scores of times before. Mrs. Warner had been busy over some household duty and did not notice that it rained. When she did, she went at once to call Willie in. But she could not find either the boat or the boy. Both had vanished as though the lake had swallowed them up.

"She had not dared to go inland to the village to seek help, for fear of missing our boat as it passed, but she had for hours been running up and down the shore calling in vain for her darling. Some of the lady passengers wrapped the distracted mother in shawls, for she would not delay a moment, and we put out into the lake.

"I followed the course of the wind as well as I could, for I knew well enough that the little fellow had been blown out into the lake, where there was but a small chance that we should find him, for it was unlikely so frail a boat could live long in such a heavy sea.

"For an hour we beat about without seeing an object on the water, when away in the distance there was a dark spot that came occasionally in sight on the top of the waves. 'Tom,' said I to my mate, 'can you make out what that is on the starboard quarter? Is it a log or a boat?'

"'It's a log adrift, sir.'

"'It's not! I'm sure it's not! It's a boat!' shrieked a voice close by me, and I saw to my surprise, Mrs. Warner, who I supposed was in the cabin, peering wildly into the drizzling rain. To all my appeals to her to go below, she kept crying,—

"'It is a boat! it is a boat! He is saved!'

"Without a glass to aid her vision, her strong mother-love gave her keenness of sight denied to us. It was a boat. But it was only on my threatening to abandon the search that the wretched woman consented to go below.

"Two minutes later the mate cried, 'Yes, sir, it is a boat, but it's empty so far as I can see. There's nobody sitting in it.'

"It was true. There the little skiff was tossing about, like a cork on the waves, with one scull dangling in the oar-locks, but not a soul could be seen in her.

"'Tom,' said I, nervously, for I felt sure the boy was not in the boat, and I actually trembled with apprehension lest the sad news would kill his mother, 'will you go down and tell that poor woman what we have seen?'

"'Not for all the gold in California!' said the mate, decidedly; and yet he's as brave a fellow as ever sailed the lakes.

"We passed the word to have Mrs. Warner taken into the cabin, as we neared the skiff. I felt so angry with that poor painted toy of a pleasure-boat, that I had half a mind to run it down. But of course I wasn't quite foolish enough for that. The mate and two of the deck-hands put off in the yawl, for our wash would have capsized the skiff had we gone any nearer. With a listless eye I watched them approach the boat, for I felt a leaden weight at my heart, because I was sure I should be obliged to tell the young mother of her loss. I saw Tom get hold of the painter, and then spring into the skiff. Then,—

"'Safe! safe! The boy is here!'

"It appears that the little fellow, tired of play, had lain down under the seat, and had gone to sleep. In the meantime the boat had drifted into the lake and it had begun to rain. The drizzling rain did not wake him, and he lay in as sound a slumber as if

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Iowa Crops.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

With 100 to represent the average crop, our prospective corn crop might be placed at 100, oats 120, grass 95, potatoes 120, apples 100, plums 200, cherries 200, grapes 110, minor vegetables 100 to 120; condition of soil 150; facilities for tending crops 150; condition of stock 110; health of human family 100; boom for Blaine and Logan 500.—M. J. BUSH, Chariton, Lucas Co., Iowa.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

SUMAC.—Will you, or some of your readers tell me how and when to prepare Sumac for market. Can one make anything gathering it?—B. Y. COWHERD, Orangeville, Ind.

SUB-SOILING.—I want to ask someone who has had experience to give some information about sub-soiling, the best kind of plows, their cost, manner of doing the work, the benefits derived from it and all I should like. I have never seen any of it done and am ignorant of the results, but I have theories of my own which lead me to believe that half the crop failures might be avoided by sub-soiling. Also give us more experience with fish ponds and carp.—FARMER, Ava, Ill.

The following from the *Farm, Field and Fireside* bears upon the above subject:

The use of the subsoil plow was once very common, but in late years it is but seldom used. Toss, we think, is a mistake, as subsoiling and drainage are systems that should be perfected in connection with each other. Subsoiling without drainage is more damaging than beneficial, as it allows the water to accumulate and there remain. If the system of the drainage is made complete there is nothing better than deep cultivation assisted by the subsoil plow. The great fear of those who are opposed to subsoiling is that they are compelled to turn up soil from below, which is not desirable, as it requires time for the cold under soil to become a proper plant food. The sub-soil plow does not, as many suppose, turn up the soil. It simply pulverizes it. The plan usually pursued is to plow the soil as usual, following in the same furrow, behind the first plow, with a sub-soiler, to which should be harnessed three good horses, in order that the work may be thoroughly done. As the first plow moves on, leaving the upper soil broken, the sub-soil plow, coming after it, should go to the depth of at least seven inches (a foot if possible), thus rendering the actual depth quite deep, though not mixing the upper and lower strata. The advantage is that more moisture is retained when rains are not frequent, owing to the greater capacity and of absorption at the time of rains, and also greater assistance from capillary attraction by virtue of the porosity of the sub soil, when the earth is very wet, as is usual in Spring, sub-soil plowing permits the water to more easily flow downward but if the water is retarded by meeting on its downward passage hard pan, it will there remain, and instead of being beneficial by carrying off the water, prevents the earth from becoming warm and suitable for the germination of seed. All these difficulties are avoided, however, by under draining, which not only carries off the surplus water, but is assisted in doing so by the excellent condition of the soil from the effect of sub-soiling.

Some sub-soils are such that when the sub-soiler passes through them the action is similar to plowing in soap. So pulverizations, and both be of benefit results. This is often to want of under drainage also, which permits of the under soil becoming sufficiently dry to pulverize. Nothing in the shape of fineness of the soil can be obtained as long as it is cold and clammy. Sub-soiling is only necessary when drainage should be done, and whenever drainage is made a part of farm operations, sub-soiling is a natural accompaniment.

Answers to Inquiries.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

PRAIRIE DOGS.—To kill prairie dogs, take corn, soak it in water 24 hours, or until you can split it part ways open without breaking the kernel, and then, as you have opened the kernel, take as much strychnine as will lie on the point of a penknife and place in each kernel, and with the finger and thumb close the split parts of the corn over the poison, and by every dog hole lay three kernels of the prepared corn. You will have to place more corn every day or so until the dogs are all gone. It is the only way we have found here of getting rid of them. Soaking the corn in water and strychnine is of no use, as the corn does not absorb poison enough to kill, while this way will kill a prairie dog in 10 minutes.—S. J. ASHTON, Seward, Neb.

Power of Soils to Absorb and Retain Moisture.

Experiments have been recently made at the Michigan State Agricultural College to demonstrate the relative amount of moisture taken up and retained by coarse or fine soils. An ordinary gravelly soil was selected for the test. This was passed through a screen having 12 meshes to the square inch. All that failed to pass through was rejected. The screened soil was then passed through a sieve having 121 meshes to the square inch. That which failed to pass through constituted lot No. 1. That which passed through was subjected to another sieve containing 256 meshes to the square inch; that which failed to pass through constituted lot No. 2. Another sieve was used having 1,584 meshes to the square inch, which gave lots No. 3 and 4. Each lot was then equally saturated with water. Lot No. 1 retained nine per cent. of its own weight of water; No. 2, 18 4-5 per cent.; No. 3, 30 per cent., and No. 4, the finest of all, 50 per cent., there being but one per cent. difference between Nos. 3 and 4. The length of time which each retained the water was in proportion to the amount it would take up, the finest retaining it the longest. The practical lesson to be drawn from these experiments is the value of making soils under cultivation as fine as possible. Mortar is useful to the plant growth, and a finely comminuted soil will retain that moisture and furnish it to the plant long after a coarse, cloddy soil has parted with all its moisture by evaporation.

Flax Culture.

As nearly everyone knows, says a correspondent of *South and West*, flax is grown for the seed and also for the textile fiber known as lint or linen. When raising it for the seed exclusively, one-half a bushel of seed to the acre is sufficient, but in growing it for the first two bushels of seed per acre should be sown. In Belgium and Russia, where the finest linens are produced, about four bushels of seed are sown on an acre. Rich soils require less seed than poorer ones. Thick sowing diminishes the branches, and the fewer and higher upon the stalk are the branches, the finer the fibre. The seed should be sown as early as possible in the Spring, and if it is designed to cut it with a reaper the ground should be leveled with a roller. It is raised for the seed exclusively in the West, and it is best adapted to new prairie land, but it will do well on old, rich, calcareous soil in good tilth. It will grow well on any moist, deep, strong loam. On uplands a light, sandy soil should be avoided; so should very low lands or river bottoms, as upon such lands it is liable to mildew. A weedy soil in any location should not be thought of in connection with this crop. From 15 to 30 bushels per acre is considered a good yield. In this part of the country it is cut with self-rake reapers, allowed to dry, and is then either threshed or stacked; but in my opinion it should be threshed as soon as it becomes dry. It costs 15 cents per bushel to get it threshed here, and it brings from $1 to $1.25 in the market. The straw is used for covering sheds and for various other purposes.

Canning Milk.

It may not be known that milk may be canned at home as well as in factories. When the milk is brought in and strained, put it on to boil in a steamer, or pail set into a kettle of boiling water. As soon as it reaches the boiling point and begins to bubble, pour into glass jars already prepared and heated, and screw up immediately. Keep it where it will not freeze, and when needed it is ready for use.

Setting Strawberry Plants.

The best time for this work, as every one is aware, is in Spring just as the young plants are beginning their growth. Next to this in the season is immediately after fruiting, while the plants are in a partly dormant state, and before they fully recover from the exhaustion of bearing, but more care is then required. Most of the old leaves should be removed, the fine mellow earth pressed on the spread roots, and if the soil is dry they should be well watered, and a mulching of manure given an inch or two in thickness. The mulching will prevent the ground from crusting or baking if a second watering becomes necessary. Setting potted plants late in Summer succeeds well, but the operation, first and last, is attended with considerable labor, and it is only adopted to limited garden beds. An easier, and quite as successful mode, where the plants to be set are near at hand or in the same garden, is to take up blocks of earth with the plants by using a spade, and to set them with their mass of earth, into openings previously cut with the spade, where they are to remain. We have now (June 20th) a long bed of Cumberland, and another of the James Vick, both in full and abundant bearing, set in this way during the latter part of last August. The plants were scarcely checked in growth by removal. With dry, light soil the work would be difficult as it would readily crumble from the roots, unless the plants were carried one at a time on the spade; but with a strong loam sufficiently moist, two or three dozen may be taken up in compact blocks and carried on a wheelbarrow to the place for planting. It is hardly necessary to remark that last Autumn rooted runners must be selected if the work is done now, but later in the season the new plants of the present year's growth may be chosen.—*Country Gentleman.*

Cattle in Texas.

The cattle interests of Texas are not in any way flagging. Tidings from all parts of the grazing regions are gratifying, and the cattle continue in great demand. Prices are sufficiently low to warrant new men to buy stock, and as fast as one herd moves out a new one or smaller ones come in. The small stockman is every day finding greater encouragement in his business. A few hundred head are easily run and at less expense than when so many large herds were in the organized counties. The purchase of school lands for speculation and the holding of old surveys unenclosed by non-resident owners gives to a small stockman free grass or range at a nominal cost, while the reduced price at which he secures ranch supplies, and the ready sale of his fat cattle, make his profits large and expenses light.—*Texas Live Stock Journal.*

Fairs.

State and District fairs will be held this year as follows:

States.	Place of Fair.	Time of Fair.
Ohio	Columbus	Sept 1-5
Michigan		Sept. 15-19
Indiana	Indianapolis	Sept 29-Oct 4
Illinois	Chicago	Sept 8-13
Wisconsin	Des Moines	Aug 29-Sept 5.
Nebraska	Omaha	Sept 2-12
Kentucky	Lexington	Aug 26-30
Missouri	St. Louis	Oct 6-11
Pennsylvania	Philadelphia	Sept 8-20
Kansas	Topeka	Sept 8-13
West Virginia	Wheeling	Sept 8-13
New York	Elmira	Sept 4-19
Wisconsin		Sept 15-19
Montana	Helena	Sept 8-13
South Carolina	Columbia	Nov 11-14
Texas	Austin	Oct 7-11
Toronto	Toronto	Sept 10-20
Tri State	Toledo	Sept 5-13
Southern Ohio	Dayton	Sept 29-Oct 3
No Ind. & So. Mich.	S th Bend, Ind.	Sept 22-26

Plow Points.

Sheep need shade and shelter as well as ood and water.

American apples will find a good market this year in England, as the crop there is short.

Sweet potato vines should not be allowed o take root at the joints; move them at ach hoeing.

The agricultural laborers in the Venetian and Mantuan provinces, Italy, have struck for higher wages.

Since March 1 240,000 more hogs have been packed in the United States than in the same part of 1883.

Prospects of early and abundant harvest in the whole of the northwest territory of Canada are very promising.

Among the exports from New York last week were 1,976 cattle, 9,235 quarters of beef and 1,850 carcasses of mutton.

The reductions made in the rents of Irish peasantry by the Land Commission will amount this year to nearly $15,000,000.

The Nebraska Farmer remarks that those who have taken advantage of the past two favorable Springs for starting tame grasses, are now rolling in Blue Grass and clover.

A cattle king says that within 10 years Omaha will be the cattle center of the country. An abbatoir is now being built there which will cover 40 acres, and will cost $750,000.

During the year 1883 the amount of compensation paid by local authorities in Great Britain for animals slaughtered under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act was about $1,250,000.

The *Illinois State* Veterinarian visited Elgin the other day, and caused the shooting of three horses afflicted with glanders. Mrs. Sorenson, who caught the disease from one of the horses, is dying from it. There is no known remedy.

In Essex and Kent Counties, Ont., Canada, the farmers complain that the corn crop is being greatly damaged, and in some places totally destroyed, by the cut-worms. Some of the farmers say they have replanted their fields three times this season.

The blader-wort has hitherto been freely introduced into the Government carp ponds as food for the fish; but Prof. Baird has just issued a warning that it has been found that it is a voracious fish-eating plant, more likely to make the young carp its own food than to serve as food to the old ones.

Of the 3,107 cargos of animals imported into the United Kingdom in 1883, there were 135 cargos in which contagious diseases of animals were detected. The United States, according to English figures, furnished 2,264 cargos, of which 32 cargos, consisting of 2,850 cattle and 23,130 sheep, contained 3 cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia, 326 cattle and 22 sheep affected with foot and mouth disease, and 8.8 sheep affected with sheep scab.

Comptroller Chapin, of New York State, has appointed to investigate and report upon the system of forest preservation Prof. Charles S. Sargent, of Harvard University; William A. Poucher, of Oswego; D. Willis James, of New York, and Edward M. Shepard, of Brooklyn. The appointees are to serve without compensation, as their expenses are likely to consume nearly all the appropriation.

Dr. Hunt remarked that farmers are not as healthy as they ought to be. Rheumatism is common among them on account of exposure. Indigestion is also common, and is produced by a sameness of diet—an overplus of one kind of food. They are also beset with malarial diseases on account of a lack of drainage about their homes. The butter and milk business injures the wives. The women suffer more than the men from defective drainage about the house and cellar and from decaying matter in the latter. Keep the cellar dry and clean.

Poisoned.

Thousands of persons are poisoned in America by the continued use of Mercury, Iodide of Potassium and other minerals, for various diseases. The Mercury works its way into the tissues, producing rheumatism and decay of the bones. The Iodide of Potassium eats away the coating of the stomach, and dries up the gastric juices which digest the food, and the patient lingers along in agony or is glad to die to get away from misery. S. S. S. Specific is a complete antidote to all this poison. It eliminates Mercury from the system, removes the evil effects of Iodide of Potassium, and brings back health and happiness. Send your address for a copy of Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Blaine's Book in the Courts.

CINCINNATI, July 9.—Mr. Blaine's book received an advertisement in a petition filed in the United States Court yesterday. The Henry Bell Publishing Company of Norwich, Conn., through their attorneys, Pugh, Pugh & Pugh, of Columbus, brought suit against Robert Clarke & Co. of this city, to restrain them from selling the book of which Mr. Blaine is the alleged author. The petition sets forth that in the case of the same plaintiffs say that within the last five years James G. Blaine published the first volume of a book entitled "Twenty Years in Congress." That February 22, 1883, he sold the copyright to them, and that the book can only be sold by their permission. They disposed of the right for the Southern District of Ohio to Oldham, Keller & Co., who are their only duly authorized agents. Notwithstanding their rights in the premises, defendants, they say, are wrongfully selling large quantities of the book referred to. They ask that a restraining order be issued against the firm, and pray for other legal and proper relief.

The Original Book of Mormon.

RICHMOND, Mo., July 10.—Joseph Smith, son of the founder of the Mormon Church, Alex Smith, F. W. Smith and W. H. Kelley, the committee appointed by the Mormon Conference at Salt Lake, are now in this place comparing the Book of Mormon as at present published with the original manuscript, now in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond. Mr. Whitmer claims to be one of the three persons who with the angel give the graven plates to Joseph Smith, and this manuscript is a copy of the plates made by the prophet himself, and is the only one in existence. Why the comparison is made is not stated. Miss Kate Field, the well-known writer, is now at Jefferson City, examining the records of the State Department in regard to the Mormon war in this State years ago, with a view of obtaining information for her forth coming book on Mormonism.

News of the Week.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE UNIT RULE.

The discussion on Tuesday, the 8th, on the unit rule, in the Convention, was long and fierce, but was ended by Grady's amendment, which was, that when a delegate challenged the announced vote the delegation should be polled, and the result be recorded as the vote of the States. It was lost.

Total number of votes cast, 795; ayes 350, noes 445. The following is the vote by States:

States.	Ayes.	Nays.	States.	Ayes.	Nays.
Alabama	15	5	Mississippi	18	..
Arkansas	..	14	Missouri	8	24
California	16	..	Nebraska	5	5
Colorado	4	2	Nevada	6	—
Connecticut	2	10	New Hamp	..	8
Delaware	6	..	New Jersey	14	4
Florida	2	6	New York	72	12
Georgia	12	12	N th Carolina	10	21
Illinois	22	22	Ohio	25	6
Indiana	30	..	Oregon	..	8
Iowa	6	20	Pennsylvania	21	39
Kansas	3	15	Rhode Island	..	8
Kentucky	29	6	S th Carolina	3	14
Louisiana	..	16	Tennessee	17	7
Maine	2	10	Texas	12	10
Maryland	16	..	Vermont	..	8
Massachus'ts	21	7	Virginia	6	18
Michigan	12	12	West Virginia	9	3
Minnesota	..	14	Wisconsin	5	17

The vote was then taken on the original resolution offered by Smalley, of Vermont, and it was adopted. A resolution was then offered and adopted for the appointment of a Committee on Credentials and Permanent Organization. A Committee on Platform was also ordered, and it was ordered that all resolutions in regard to platform be referred to that Committee without discussion.

Francis, of Missouri, moved that when the Convention did adjourn it be until 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. The motion prevailed. The Secretary announced a correction of vote on Grady's amendment, viz: Total vote cast, 795; for amendment, 392; against, 403; not voting, 7. Adjourned.

THURSDAY'S OPENING.

The Convention was opened with prayer by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McLaren, of the Diocese of Chicago. He prayed that the proceedings might be tempered by the sober contemplation of the future, so that future generations might enjoy the results of law regulated by liberty, and not have to suffer the consequences of a rash disregard of the eternal laws of God. He prayed that the influence of patriotism might be supreme in the Convention, and that all things might be done in it for the welfare of the land and the glory of God.

GETTING TO WORK.

Mr. Jenking, of Wisconsin, sent up a communication from the Committee on Resolutions, saying that the work of the committee would not be completed until to-morrow morning. Mr. Cummings, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Resolutions to give a hearing to the Committee of Irish National League in favor of excluding aliens from acquiring real estate in America.

Resolutions were also offered and referred, without debate, in favor of planks in the platform against the employment of convict labor; for the enforcement of the eight hour law; against sumptuary laws, and declaring that the vote yesterday on Grady's amendment (as to the unit rule) was intended to imply only to States which had instructed their delegates.

Sen. Hampton offered a resolution that the National Committee be allowed to go outside its members for a Chairman.

The Committee on Credentials reported in favor of allowing each Territory in the District of Columbia two votes. Report adopted.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

At 12:20 the Committee on Permanent Organization presented their report—for President of the Convention, W. S. Vilas, of Wisconsin.

Mr. Vilas was escorted to the platform by Hendricks, of Indiana, and others, and was received with cheers.

After a large number of resolutions had been read and referred to the Committee on Resolutions, it was ordered by the Convention to refer all propositions without being read. Under this rule, a huge batch of resolutions were referred, being only read by their titles.

A resolution was offered that the Convention call the roll and present candidates for President. A call of the States on tabling the resolution was ordered.

The result of the vote on laying the resolution to proceed to the presentation of candidates on the table was—ayes, 256; nays, 552.

Several States changed their vote, and at the end of the roll the corrected vote was—ayes, 283; nays, 542.

A motion that no vote be taken on candidates till after the Committee on Resolutions reports, but that candidates be presented, carried.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.

2:02 P. M.—Hon. George Gray presented Bayard, and was listened to with great attention, and was loudly cheered.

2:15 P. M.—When Indiana was reached there was an outburst of cheers, the delegates and audience arising to greet Hendricks, who presented McDonald's name.

Gen. Black, of Illinois, seconded the nomination of McDonald. Both speakers were loudly cheered.

John W. Breckenridge, of California, presented the name of Thurman.

When Thurman's name was mentioned there was great and long-continued cheering in the audience, and many delegates rose to their feet.

NOMINATING THURMAN.

Following is the speech of Gen. Breckenridge, of Kentucky:

By an inadvertence, California was passed in this Democratic Convention, but we desire to say to you that when the ballots are cast next November, she will never be passed by a Republican candidate. [Applause.] She has sent us here, her representatives, in a few and simple words to present for the consideration of the Democratic party the man who needs no eulogy at her hands; whose name is enshrined in the heart of the whole American people. She has asked us to present for your consideration a man, who, if you nominate, we believe there is a settled conviction in the hearts of all, will be the next President of the United States. Such a selection is a sacred trust and a solemn responsibility. There never was, in the history of the party, a rarer or grander opportunity to make the appeal to the country. Let us present a man of whose integrity and devotion to principle there never has been a question, upon whose character and reputation there has never fallen a shadow, or blot, or stain; whose ability and learning shall be commensurate with the duties of the high office to which we would elevate him. Let us nominate such an one and place him side by side with his compeer, the Plumed Knight of Maine, and simply say to the American people, "Behold the man!" [Applause.]

Gentlemen of the Convention, we of California believe we can confidently turn and say, "Behold the man, Thurman, of Ohio." [Loud cheers and applause, several delegates rising in their seats and waving their hats]. If all the honored and illustrious names which have been and shall be presented for the consideration of this Convention, there are none which lie nearer to the great heart of the American people than that lofty and intrepid statesman who for more than 20 years has been the boldest and ablest Democratic advocate of Democratic doctrines and Democratic principles. California did not send here to waste our time in eulogy, but simply to present his name. One word more, and it is this—We are told, sir, and it is the only objection which has been raised to him—that this man, at the close of the war, when the echoes of strife were still vibrating in the air, annihilated in the great State of Ohio a Republican majority of nearly 40,000 votes. We are told, as the only objection to him, that Ohio in the October State, and our reply is, gentlemen, that this is not a State but a National Convention, and we are here to select a National candidate. [Cheers.]

Gen. Durbin Ward seconded Thurman's nomination, and, after speaking of Senator Thurman's long and honorable career, said: "Gentlemen, Ohio is the battle ground of the Presidential election, make what you will of it." [Laughter and applause.] You can win without it, but if you carry that state in October the battle is already won and you need go no farther. [Loud applause]. Mr. President and gentlemen of this convention, I come here with unstudied words, having had no opportunity whatever to make the least preparation, but when the Senator who served twelve years in the Congress of the United States, a gentleman who was a great lawyer, a ripe jurist when he entered the body, and while he was there, without any disrespect to anybody else, whenever a stranger was called on to point out a great man on the floor of the Senate of the United States, he invariably pointed to Allen G. Thurman, who carried his red bandanna handkerchief. [Loud laughter.] Gentlemen, we are entering upon the battle. The war is on. We want no plumed knights, clad in holiday armor of tournament fighting for his fair lady's braid of hair. You want an Ajax with helmet and spear to thunder along the line and deal death giving blows to the foe whom we meet. [Applause.] Allen G. Thurman is that man, in thought, in intellect, in courage, in statesmanship, in adherence to constitutional law, in defense of the rights of the masses, in defiance of the power of monopoly, in defiance of the corruptions of the age. Who stands to-day as peer of Allen G. Thurman, unless it be that man who has passed away from the arena of politics—Mr. Tilden? [Applause.]

Cochrane, of New York, (in behalf of the minority of the New York delegation) came to the platform to second one of the nominations, but wanted to go into a statement of New York politics, to which Bragg, of Wisconsin, objected, and against which he made a point of order, which was over ruled by the Chair. Cochrane declared, amid shouts of incredulous laughter, that no person felt more kindly than he to Mr. Cleveland, but he was too old a friend of his to wish to see him nominated for the Presidency. He was asked to give the name of the candidate whose nomination he seconded. His answer was that he would name a man who never could be called guilty of a single act favoring corrupt institutions, a man who had never prosecuted executive power to veto bills that were conceived in the interest of labor; a man whose hair had grown white in the service of the country. Why, he asked, should the Democratic party take a plunge in the dark, and subject the future fortunes of the party to the chances of a lottery? Why should they thrust their hand into the bag and draw out a number which might turn out to be a regenerator for the party, a Moses, or might turn out to be a false prophet, whom it would be much better not to have discovered? He warned the Convention against a repetition of the insanity, that folly, that fatuity, which had affected the Democracy for the last 20 years. He hoped that all these burning questions would not be left to be settled by the State of New York itself, and that the Convention would pause before it invaded that unwilling State.

Mr. Cochrane concluded as follows: "Since the majority of the delegation are not for nominating Tilden, let us name the man who stands next to him in the eyes of the country and in the eyes of the whole world. [Applause]. We have been told that the mantle of Tilden has fallen on the shoulders of Cleveland. Gentlemen, when the mantle that fits the shoulders of a giant shall fall on those of a dwarf, the result is disastrous to the dwarf. [Laughter.] The shoulders of Cleveland can't uphold that ample mantle. The shoulders of Allen G. Thurman can fill every crease, every crevice and every part of that garment. [Loud applause.] Name him, gentlemen of the Convention, to the Democracy of this Nation, and thus perform an act which will give them confidence, now that you are asking them to trust you, and accomplish a complete revolution in the public affairs of the country. Do not ask to have all the financial relations of this Nation, to have all the delicate questions of foreign and domestic policy which must be disturbed and readjusted with the coming of the Democracy into power, subjected to the uncertain contingency that may happen if an untried man be chosen for the Presidency. Give us a statesman in whose light we can show to the people that reason for their confidence which is essential to success. Do not trust so much to availability or to getting votes; try for votes, try to deserve the votes, and I am satisfied that the votes will come." [Great applause.]

IN THE WRONG PEW.

The colored men have been pressing their demands for recognition in various ways. One came prominently before the New York people yesterday. Colored men from Indiana, California, Massachusetts and New York, together with several Southern States, have been urging that the platform should contain a plank having special reference to the negro. This, on the other hand, has been most strenuously opposed by Mr. James C. Matthews, an Albany colored man, who claims that the mission of the Democracy has been to do away with all distinctions and obliterate all color lines; that special recognition of the need of the race of the negro any more than to that of any other nationality. The hopes and aspirations of all citizens, he says, are the same, and, having common interests, what the Democracy should do is to cultivate a feeling of good will. "Let the platform be broad," said Mr. Matthews, "and Democratic in the fullest sense."

When Kentucky was reached, J. A. McKenzie took the platform to nominate Carlisle.

When Massachusetts was reached there were cheers and hisses. Abbott said there was no name for presentation at this time.

At 11:30 A. M. the call of States began for the completion of the presentation of candidates.

A delegate from Missouri said Missouri was not for Thurman—it was for Cleveland. Another said Missouri was for Bayard. Both were ruled out of order.

Monseur, of Missouri, came to the platform and made a nomination speech. He said that Missouri would have given 52 stalwart Democratic votes for the old ticket, headed by the Sage of Gramercy and his venerated friend from Indiana, Mr. Hendricks. As they could not have the old ticket, he had been casting about to see who was the man who in the emergency should lead the embattled hosts of the Democracy to a grand and glorious victory. Nothing short of a blunder could make the Democracy lose the election. With 25 Democratic Governors and 23 Democratic Legislatures, representing 253 electoral votes out of 401, nothing but a fatal blunder could make the Democracy lose. The man in his mind was spoken of as "the noblest Roman of them all," Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio. [Cheers.]

Livingston, of Missouri, rose to second the nomination of Grover Cleveland, but the Chairman stated that it would require unanimous consent. "No matter," said Livingston, "we have got our work in anyhow." [Laughter.]

Thomas E. Powell, of Ohio, came to the platform to put in nomination the name of George Hoadly, of Ohio. He declared that if the Democracy was true to itself its success in this closing struggle was already assured. Within the last few years, he said, the State had overcome a Republican majority of over 100,000, and at this hour the government of Ohio was in the keeping of the great Democratic party. The man who had been the acknowledged leader in bringing about that change was the candidate whom he now presented, Gov. George Hoadly, of Ohio.

When Senator Wallace, of Pennsylvania, took the platform to present Randall, there was renewed cheering. Wallace said the man he presented was known to all. His name was connected with the principle events for many years. Though many of his colleagues were wealthy, he was still a poor man. [Cheers.] He had been a leader in the House of Representatives for 12 years; and had resisted the lavish expenditure of the Government.

Abbott, of New Jersey, seconded the nomination of Randall. He said while he thought any great name mentioned could be elected, some could be elected easier than others. There could be no contention on the name of Mr. Randall. [Cheers.] Even if there was unity in New York, Randall was stronger than Cleveland on the question of reform, therefore a more acceptable candidate on that score.

John W. Cummins, of Massachusetts, took the platform to second Bayard's nomination. Cummins said that for 60 years Massachusetts had been lost to the Democrats. He felt assured Bayard could redeem it. Cummins alluded to Kelley and the minority as slaves, who were only allowed to speak as their master dictated. [Applause.] He said to those in New York candidate on them was to lose Massachusetts and the election.

Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, arose. Cries of "Platform." He seconded Bayard's nomination. L. F. Youmans, of the same State, also seconded Bayard's nomination.

T. M. Ross, of Arkansas, seconded the nomination of Cleveland. He said Arkansas was would cast her electoral vote for Cleveland and that again he could be elected. Mr. Duloney, of Wisconsin, seconded the nomination of Cleveland, amid much cheering.

Gen. Bragg, of Wisconsin, took the platform to second Cleveland's nomination. He said he voiced the choice of the young men of Wisconsin and the West in seconding the great Governor of New York. They loved him more for the enemies he has made. [Great applause.]

The Convention then adjourned till 8 P. M. The Committee on Resolutions were ordered to report at that hour.

THE EVENING SESSION.

At 8:25 the Convention was called to order and a resolution was offered by Mr. Henry, of Mississippi, expressing the regret and intense admiration of the Convention at reading the statesmanlike and patriotic letter of Samuel J. Tilden, in which he made known the overpowering and providential necessity which constrained him to decline the nomination to the Presidency; condemning the fraud and violence by which Tilden and Hendricks were cheated out of the offices in 1876; expressing regret that the Nation has been deprived of the lofty patriotism and splendid executive and administrative ability of Mr. Tilden, and appointing a Committee to convey these sentiments to that gentleman. Adopted.

On motion of Cleveland, of New Jersey, it was ordered that States and Territories be now called for the names of members of the National Democratic Committee.

A resolution to abrogate the two-thirds rule was tabled indefinitely.

On the call of States the National Committee was announced as heretofore selected by the several State delegations.

THE PLATFORM.

Morrison, of Illinois (at 9:30 P. M.), Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, stepped to the platform to present the report of that Committee. His appearance was greeted with cheers. The platform was read by one of the reading clerks.

A LONG-WINDED DOCUMENT.

The Democratic party of the Union, through its representatives in National Convention assembled, recognizes that, as the Nation grows older, new issues are born of time and progress, and old issues perish. But the fundamental principles of the Democracy, approved by the united voice of the people, remain and will ever remain, as the best and only security for the continuance of free Government, the preservation of personal rights, the equality of all citizens before the law. The reserved rights of the States and the supremacy of the Federal Government within the limits of the Constitution will ever form the true basis of our liberties, and can never be surrendered without destroying that balance of rights and powers which enables the continent to be developed in peace and social order to be maintained by means of local self-government. But, it is indispensable for the practical application and enforcement of these fundamental principles that the Government should not always be controlled by one political party. Frequent change of Administration is as necessary as constant recurrence to the popular will; otherwise, abuses grow, and the Government instead of being carried on for the general welfare, becomes an instrumentality for imposing heavy burdens on the many who are governed for the benefit of the few who govern. Public servants thus become arbitrary rulers. This is now the condition of the country, hence a change is demanded.

The Republican party, so far as principle is concerned, is a reminiscence in practice. It is an organization for enriching those who control the machinery. The frauds and jobbery which have been brought to light in every department of the Government are sufficient to have called for a reform within the Republican party. Yet those in authority, made reckless by the long possession of power, have succumbed to its corrupting influence, and have placed in nomination a ticket against which the independent portion of the party are in open revolt. Therefore a change is demanded. Such a change was alike necessary in 1876, but the will of the people was then defeated by a fraud which can never be forgotten nor condoned. Again in 1880, the change was demanded by the people, but was defeated by lavish use of money, contributed by unscrupulous contractors and shameless jobbers, who had bargained for unlawful profits or for high office. The Republican party during its legal, its stolen and its bought tenures of power, has steadily decayed in moral character and political capacity. Its platform promises are now a list of its past failures. It demands the restoration of our navy. It has squandered hundreds of millions to create a navy that does not exist. It calls upon Congress to remove the burden under which American shipping has been depressed. It imposed and has continued those burdens. It professes the policy of reserving the public lands for smaller holdings by actual settlers. It has given away the people's heritage till now a few railroads, and non-resident aliens, individual and corporate, possess a larger area than that of all our farms between the two seas. It professes a preference for free institutions. It organized and tried to legalize a control of State elections by Federal troops. It professes a desire to elevate labor. It has subjected American workingmen to the competition of convict and imported contract labor. It professes gratitude to all who were disabled or died in the war, leaving widows and orphans. It left to a Democratic House of Representatives the first effort to equalize both bounties and pensions. It proffers a pledge to correct the irregularities of our tariff. It created and has continued them. Its own Tariff Commission confessed the need of more than a 20 per cent. reduction. Its Congress gave a reduction of less than 4 per cent. It professes the protection of American manufacturers. It has subjected them to an increasing flood of manufactured goods and a hopeless competition with manufacturing nations, not one of which taxes raw material. It professes to protect all American industries. It professes the protection of American labor. It has depleted the returns of American agriculture, an industry followed by half our people. It professes the equality of all men before the law, attempting to fix the status of colored citizens. The acts of its Congress were overset by the decisions of its Courts. It accepts anew the duty of leading in the work of progress and reform. Its conspicuous criminals are permitted to escape through contrived delays or actual connivance in the prosecution, honey-combed with corruption, and outbreaking exposures no longer shock its moral sense. Its honest members, its independent journals, no longer maintain a successful contest for authority in its councils or a veto upon bad nominations. That a change is necessary is proven by an existing surplus of more than $100,000,000 which has yearly been collected from a suffering people. Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation.

We denounce the Republican party for having failed to relieve the people from crushing war taxes which have paralyzed business, crippled industry and prostrated labor of employment and just reward. The Democracy pledges itself to purify the administration from corruption, to restore economy, to revive respect for law, and to reduce taxation to the lowest limit consistent with due regard to the preservation of the faith of the Nation to its creditors and pensioners, knowing that such reduction in legislation affecting the occupation of the people should be cautious and conservative in method, not in advance of public opinion, but responsive to its demands. The Democratic party is

PLEDGED TO REVISE THE TARIFF

in a spirit of fairness to all interests, but in making reduction in taxes, it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth. From the foundation of this Government taxes collected at the custom houses have been the chief source of Federal revenue. Such they must continue. Many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any change of law must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital thus involved. The process of reform must be subject in the execution to this plain dictate of justice. All taxation should be limited to the requirements of economical government. The necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving the American laborer of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country. Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the Federal Government economically administered, including pensions, interest and principal of the public debt, can be got under our present system of taxation, from Custom House taxes on fewer imported articles, bearing heaviest on articles of luxury, and bearing lightest on articles of necessity. We, therefore, denounce the abuses of the existing tariff, and, subject to the preceding limitation, we demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes, and shall not exceed the needs of the Government economically administered.

The system of direct taxation known as

INTERNAL REVENUE,

is a war tax, and so long as the law continues, the money derived therefrom should be sacredly devoted to the relief of the people from the remaining burdens of the war, and be made a fund to defray the expense of the care and comfort of our disabled soldiers justly due in line of duty in the wars of the Republic, and for the payment of such pensions as Congress may from time to time grant to such soldiers, a like fund for the sailors having been already provided, and any surplus should be paid into the Treasury.

We favor an American continental policy based upon more intimate commercial and political relations with the sister Republics of North, Central and South America, but entangling alliance with none.

We believe in honest money, the

GOLD AND SILVER COINAGE

of the Constitution, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss.

Asserting the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is in the duty of the Government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all citizens of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political. We believe in a free ballot and a fair count, and we recall to the memory of the people the noble struggle of the Democrats in the forty-fifth and forty-sixth Congresses, in which a reluctant Republican opposition was compelled to assent to legislation, making everywhere illegal the presence of troops at the polls as conclusive proof that a Democratic administration will preserve liberty with order.

The selection of Federal officers for the Territories should be restricted to citizens previously resident therein.

We oppose sumptuary laws which vex the citizens and interfere with individual liberty.

We favor honest civil service reform and the compensation of all United States officers by fixed salaries. The separation of church and state and the diffusion of free education by common schools, so that every child in the land may be taught the rights and duties of citizenship. While we favor all legislation which will tend to the equitable distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses, we hold that the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law. We believe that labor is best rewarded where it is freest and most enlightened. It should, therefore, be fostered and cherished.

We favor the repeal of all laws restricting the free action of labor and the enactment of laws by which labor organizations may be incorporated, and of all such legislation as will tend to enlighten the people as to the true relations of capital and capital.

We believe that the public lands ought, as far as possible, to be kept as homesteads for actual settlers; that all unearned lands heretofore improvidently granted to railroad corporations by the action of the Republican party should be restored to the public domain, and that no more grants of lands shall be made to corporations or be allowed to fall into the ownership of alien absentees.

We are opposed to all propositions which, upon any pretext, would convert the General Government into a machine for collecting taxes to be distributed among the States or the citizens thereof.

FOREIGN POLICY.

In reaffirming the declaration of the

ricks himself to say so. He therefore warned the Convention not to do that which it would have to undo. Walsh, of Georgia, asked Meunier whether he was authorized to say Mr. Hendricks would not accept the unanimous nomination of the National Democratic Convention for the office of Vice President? Menzies repeated his statement.

Mr. Waller, of Connecticut, said that his state had surely no desire to force upon Indiana a candidate against its will, but this was not an Indiana Convention. It was a National Convention, and the Democrats of the country had a right to take a prominent man from any place in it. [Cheers.] If any man said that he knew Mr. Hendricks at the time was not patriotic enough to take a nomination tendered under these circumstances, he would withdraw his name, but with humiliation.

Wallace, of Pennsylvania, said Mr. Hendricks had been once chosen Vice President and had been despoiled of the office. The Democracy of the Republic demanded of him again his name as a candidate, and would not take no for an answer. He moved to suspend the rules and nominate Thos. A Hendricks as a candidate for Vice President by acclamation.

Searles, of California, withdrew Rosecrans, and all the other candidates were withdrawn.

Weed, of New York, suggested a call of States, so as to put the unanimous vote on record.

Wallace accepted the suggestion, and the result was the unanimous nomination of Thomas A. Hendricks as candidate for Vice President.

Menzies, of Indiana, asked that that State be excused from voting. [Loud shouts of "aye, aye."]

He then asked if there was any other name before the Convention, and upon being answered in the negative, said: "Then, sir, the State of Indiana casts 30 votes for Thomas A. Hendricks."

This was at the close of the call, making the result a unanimous vote.

The demonstration that succeeded exceeded in vehemence and enthusiasm any similar scene that had taken place during this eventful day. All the flags and banners were gathered around the section occupied by the Indiana delegation and the thousand and the shouts of the large audience and the strains of patriotic music from the band, ending with "Auld Lang Syne," the words of which were sung with feeling, the chorus being joined in by several thousand voices.

Then the band struck up "Old Hundred" and all joined in the solemn hymn of praise. The scene was followed by the music and song of "America," and that again by "Home, Sweet Home." The scene was equally grand and touching. Finally the Chairman got a chance to make the formal announcement of the vote. He said there had been 816 votes cast, all of them for Thomas A. Hendricks, and that Mr. Hendricks was therefore the candidate of the National Democratic Convention for Vice President of the United States. [Cheers.]

Resolutions of thanks were passed to the temporary Chairman, the permanent Chairman, and the clerks and officers of the Convention; also to the reportorial and press of the country for their accurate and impartial reports of the proceedings. The Chairman, on his own behalf, moved a vote of thanks to the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr Bright, of Indiana. Adopted. Votes of thanks were also passed to the Mayor of the City (Carter Harrison) and the Chief of Police, and to the citizens of Chicago for their hospitality.

The Convention then, at 7:20 P. M., adjourned sine die.

How Hendricks' Nomination was Brought About.

CHICAGO, July 11.—At a conference of leading friends of Cleveland and other leading members of the Convention, to the number of about 50, which took place during the recess this afternoon, the merits of the various candidates for Vice President were discussed, and it was agreed, if possible, to nominate Thomas A. Hendricks for that office. The choice narrowed down before the final decision to Hendricks and ex-Sen. Henry G. Davis, of west Virginia. Mr. Davis was sent for, but gave so many reasons why he should not be placed on the ticket and why Hendricks should, that the latter was at length decided on. Among the more prominent members of the conference were Messrs. Barnum, of Connecticut; Gorham, of New Jersey; Smith M., Wood and Manning, of New York; Watterson, of Kentucky; Coxe and Scott, of Pennsylvania; Burke, of Louisiana; Kernan, of New York; Hay, of Pennsylvania; Gorman, of Maryland; Converse, of Ohio, and John Kelly, of New York.

Opinions and Comments.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 11.—A gentleman who visited Mr. Blaine this evening reports him as saying he did not regard the nomination of Cleveland as a strong one. Mr. Cleveland was but little known. There were several men who would have been more available. He seemed perfectly satisfied with the nomination, and did not indicate by word or look that it troubled him. He expressed the belief that the tariff issue would be paramount in the campaign and would draw a good many votes from the other side.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Representative Holman regarded the nomination as an eminently respectable one. Cleveland, he thought, could carry New York State and the Union. He had not yet given the platform sufficient study to be able to pass an intelligent opinion upon it, but as far as he could judge from a cursory reading, it was an able document. Senator Voorhees, of Missouri, was much pleased with both the platform and the nominees selected to stand upon it.

Representative Lowry, of Indiana, said in his opinion the Democratic ticket would carry that State.

Representative Rosecrans said of Cleveland that he was not the choice of the people; that he was the representative of capitalists and not the laboring class. The platform he regarded as solid.

Sen. Garland said that without desparagement to any of the distinguished and meritorious gentlemen who were candidates before the Convention, they were all first-class men. "I believe the nomination of Gov. Cleveland is the very best under the circumstances which could have been made. The country will now be presented with a fair and square issue between the two parties in the persons of Blaine and Gov. Cleveland."

Representative Hubert, member of the House Ways and Means Committee, said he considered the platform admirable and the nominee no less so.

Representative Townshend of Illinois, said: "I think the ticket is very strong. I believe it will carry New York and Indiana, which of course means it will be elected."

LONDON, July 12.—The Daily News says: "America's foreign relations will be safer in Cleveland's hands than in those of Blaine. The latter represents the American Jingo party, which, like the same party here, makes up in audacity and volubility for lack of numbers. As President, Cleveland would cultivate quietude abroad and peace at home. If elected he will be chosen on the ground that he more worthily represents the probity, good sense and steadiness moderation of the American people than Blaine."

CHICAGO, July 11.—In the midst of the excitement which ensued when the fact of Cleveland's nomination was assured, John Kelly sat in his seat in the last row of the section assigned to New York, his face flushed and pale by turns. He was approached by numerous friends of other delegations. One of the Pennsylvania delegation approached him, shook him by the hand and said:

"Mr. Kelly, I was with you in this fight, but I shall support the ticket."

Mr. Kelly responded simply, "I thank you, sir."

"What will be the result in New York State, Mr. Kelly?"

"It means Democratic defeat. We shall lose the State in November. I am sorry for this outcome."

The Tammany chief declined to say what Tammany would do, but reiterated his statement that the Democratic party would lose New York State in November.

To a reporter Mr. Grady, the Tammany orator said: "We will not bolt, for we are gentlemen. But we will sit still as the 'good work' goes on."

Mexican War Veterans.

ST. LOUIS, July 11.—At the meeting of Mexican Veterans here last night it was decided to hold an International Convention of Mexican Veterans in this City early in October next. The project meets the hearty approval of Presidente Gen. Diaz, of Mexico, and other prominent Mexican Government officials, and they have promised to send 50 prominent veterans of the Mexican war to the Convention. A committee was appointed to take charge of the matter, issue invitations, and make all necessary preparations for the Convention. It is expected this meeting will have a marked effect in allaying whatever bad feeling Mexicans may have for Americans, and do much towards establishing cordial good will between the two Republics.

Blaine and Logan.

BOSTON, July 9.—A Washington special says: "Logan telegraphed to-day to Blaine that his letter of acceptance is ready, and desired to know when Blaine proposed to issue his, so he might make his public at the same time. Logan's letter, in addition to a formal acceptance of the nomination, will treat upon the results accomplished by the war, and urge the necessity of the maintenance of the same in accordance with the principle involved in that struggle."

Laws Passed by Congress this Session.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—The following is a complete list of the laws enacted by Congress at its present session:

Fixing the time of holding the United States District Court at Bangor, Me.

Appropriating $1,000,000 to continue the improvement of the Mississippi River.

Authorizing an increase of the capital stock of the First National Bank of Fort Worth, Tex.

Providing for the removal of the remains of Gen. E. O. C. Ord from Havana to Washington.

Appropriating $3,750,000 to pay tobacco rebate claims, $30,000 for cancelling internal revenue stamps, and $21,965 for expenses of Legislature of New Mexico.

Changing name of National Lafayette and Bank of Commerce.

Fixing times for holding terms of Circuit and District Courts in the Northern District of Iowa.

Making all public roads and highways post roads.

To complete statue of Rear Admiral Dupont.

To supply deficiency in appropriation for gauging the Mississippi River and tributaries.

Establishing standard time in the District of Columbia.

Changing the name of the James Sweet National Bank of Nebraska.

Authorizing issue of a register for the schooner "Druid."

Limiting the cost of indexing the Congressional Record.

Making appropriations for the military academy.

Enabling Colorado to take lands in lieu of the 16th and 36th sections found to be mineral lands, and to secure to Colorado the benefit of the agricultural college act.

To print eulogies on Thomas Allen.

Authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to offer a reward of $25,000 for rescuing the Greely expedition.

Suspending the act which compels the owners of guano islands to sell only in the United States.

Making Rockfort, Mass., a port of entry.

Making it a felony to pretend to be an officer of the United States.

Increasing the endowment of the University of Alabama from the public lands in that State.

Amending the corporation law in the District of Columbia.

Authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge across the St. Croix River in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Carrying into effect decree of court in case of the Spanish ferry-boat "Vuestra Senora de Regla."

Providing for most urgent deficiencies in appropriations.

Changing boundaries of Judicial Districts in Alabama.

Changing name of Marsh National Bank, of Nebraska.

Donating a part of the abandonet military reservation at Fort Smith, Ark., to the City of Fort Smith, for schools and other purposes.

Providing for appointment of an acting secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Releasing the American Baptist Home Missionary Society from the conditions of the sale of the marine hospital at Natchez.

Repealing the ironclad oath.

Restoring to the public domain certain portions of the old Ute reservation in Colorado.

Punishing the counterfeiting of foreign bonds and securities.

Providing a civil Government for Alaska.

Loaning $1,000,000 to the New Orleans Cotton Exposition.

Authorizing the construction of a bridge over the Rio Grande between Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras.

Authorizing the construction of a bridge over the Rio Grande between Laredo and Nueva Laredo.

Amending the act authorizing the construction of a pontoon bridge across the Mississippi at Dubuque.

Providing for a bureau of animal industry, and to prevent contagious diseases among cattle.

Extending the duration of the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims.

Providing for the muster and pay of certain officers and enlisted men of the volunteer forces. This act grants pay according to the higher grade to officers and soldiers who were promoted but not immediately mustered, and who have received the increased pay only from date of muster.

Amending the act creating the Northern Judicial District of Texas.

Vacating an alley in Washington.

Reappropriating an unexpended balance of an appropriation for the Ohio flood sufferers, for the benefit of the Mississippi flood sufferers.

Making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture.

Declaring the cantalever bridge at Niagara Falls a post route.

Reducing the postage on periodicals to one cent for four ounces.

Authorizing the sale of a part of the Fort Hays military reservation, Kansas.

Amending the act concerning the inspection of drugs.

Amending the act authorizing State Legislatures to sell school lands.

Fixing the number of members in the Dakota Legislature.

Authorizing the construction of bridges across the Wisconsin, Chippewa, and St. Croix rivers in Wisconsin.

Authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river in Douglas County, Nebraska.

Authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river within 10 miles of Rulo, Nebraska.

Authorizing the construction of a free bridge over the Cumberland river by the City of Nashville.

Fixing time of courts in Nebraska.

Making Newport News, Va., a port of entry.

Authorizing the claimants to the Rancho de Napa grant in California to prove their title.

Authorizing the construction of a highwaybridge across a part of Lake Champlain.

Fixing the time of holding court in Georgia.

Authorizing the National Academy of Sciences to hold trust funds.

Extending the time of laving the Atlantic cable provided for in act of Aug. 8, 1882.

Authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river at Leavenworth.

Authorizing the Oregon Pacific Railroad Company to construct one or more bridges across the Willamette river.

Removing certain burdens on the American merchant marine and encouraging the American foreign carrying trade, commonly known as the Dingley shipping bill.

Among the public resolutions are the following:

Appropriating $100,000 for the support of certain destitute Indians.

Authorizing the Secretary of War to issue rations for the relief of sufferers by the overflow of the Ohio, and appropriating $300,000 for the purpose.

Appropriating any sum that may be needed for the dispatch of the Greely relief expedition.

Making an additional appropriation of $200,000 for the relief of Ohio flood sufferers.

Appropriating so much of the Ohio flood appropriation as is not needed for that purpose, not exceeding $125,000, to sufferers by the Mississippi floods.

Authorizing the loan of flags and bunting for the decoration of a fair at Richmond to raise money for a Confederate soldiers' home.

Wheat, Corn, Oats and Rye.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—The crop report of the Agricultural Department relative to cotton shows that it will have been excessive but there is nothing at present to render a fair crop impossible. The next 60 days, however, will be awaited with interest if not anxiety.

The area in corn has increased about 2 per cent.; total area will be between 69 and 70 million acres. A few States report a decrease. There is a good degree of uniformity in the increase in Southern and Central districts. It is 5 per cent. in Iowa, 30 in Nebraska and 30 in Dakota. There is also an increase on the Pacific coast. The crop is now generally healthy in color and growing rapidly. The average condition is 96, and has been exceeded but twice in July in 10 years—in 79 and '80. The prospect is most favorable in Iowa, which promises the best yield since 79, and the largest crop ever grown in the State.

The condition of Spring wheat is up to the normal standard of 100, the same as in July of last year. Winter wheat sustains the promise of previous reports. The average condition is 91—1 point higher than in June, and the same as in the May report. Winter wheat covers an area of nearly 37,000,000 acres, and unless the threshing records should prove disappointing or injury result in stack, the outcome would exceed 320,000,000 bushels. The condition of barley is good—98 against 97 last July.

Oats average, 98; last year at this date, 99.

Average of rye 97. The excessive production and low price of potatoes in '83 resulted in a reduction of 3 per cent. in area; condition good. There has been a large increase, amounting to nearly 10 per cent. made in the area of tobacco.

National Educational Association.

MADISON, WIS., July 13.—The National Educational Association, which opened here on Thursday last, and will close on Friday next, has already attracted 3,000 teachers, and promises to be the largest educational gathering ever held in America

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

King John, of Abyssinia, has sent Queen Victoria an elephant as a token of amity.

Goschen counselled the Government to use moderation in dealing with the crisis.

The Prince Monaco's yacht was wrecked and crew drowned off the Swadish coast, but Prince Albert was rescued.

John Bright announced his intention to join the reform bill agitation. He hoped the powers of the Lords would be curtailed.

Two thousand French marines will start for China Aug. 3d. An iron clad is preparing to join the French fleet in China.

The anarchist Hanisch was sentenced at Vienna to 10 years imprisonment at hard labor, for attempting to murder a policeman.

A fund is being raised here to indemnify O'Brien for the expenses of the libel suit. O'Brien's friends will also make him a handsome present.

The Pope had one or two fainting fits on Thursday, owing to excessive heat. These caused the dissemination of rumors that he was dangerously ill.

At Ath, Province of Hainault, Belgium, on the 9th, a mob assaulted a procession of clericals, tore their flag and wrecked a Catholic club house.

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Sir Stafford Northcote stated that he had the authority of the Marquis of Salisbury and Earl Cairns to say that their communications in relation to the compromise were private. Gladstone denied that they were of a private nature. Churchill moved that the House adjourn, at the same time charging Gladstone with having used private communications with which to traduce his opponents. Harcourt, Home Secretary, defended Gladstone. The motion to adjourn was withdrawn. Gladstone repelled the charge that he had traduced his opponents. It was a disgraceful imputation.

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Free Trade or Protection.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—At the solicitation of some leading trade and industrial organizations of the country, the Secretary of State last Winter directed the preparation of a circular letter, with a view of securing through consular officers the fullest obtainable information concerning the condition of labor throughout the world, especially in Europe. Very full returns have been received from Consuls everywhere, and are now in process of preparation in the Bureau of Statistics of the State Department, for the press. The material embodies information relating not only to the rate of wages paid to all classes of laborers, but to the prices paid for the necessaries of life, clothing, rent, fuel, etc., not only from an American standpoint as to what the necessaries of life comprise, but the actual nature and quality of the articles consumed.

Information is also given upon the habits of the working classes, their steadiness, trustworthiness, economy, or otherwise; upon the feeling which prevails between employe and employer, and the effects of the feeling on the prosperity of the community; upon the organized associations of labor, the nature of organization and its effect on the advancement and welfare of laborers; upon counter organizations of capital and the effect local or general laws have on such organizations; upon the prevalency of strikes, and how far arbitration enters into a settlement of disagreements between employers and employes; upon information of the practical workings and effects of co-operative societies, and to what extent they have fulfilled the promises held out at their formation to enable work people to purchase the necessaries of life at less cost than through regular business channels; upon the means furnished for the safety of employes in factories, mines, mills or railroads, etc.; provisions made for work people in case of accident; general consideration given by employers to the moral and physical well being of the employes; upon the political rights enjoyed by workingmen and their influence through such rights upon legislation; upon causes which lead to the emigration of working people, and finally, upon the numbers of women and children employed in industrial pursuits, not connected with household, their wages, moral and physical condition and the general effects of such employment upon the family circle. The volume will be ready for the press in about two weeks.

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Four men were severely injured and one (Charles Crutz) killed by the upsetting of a car of a gravel train on the Lackawanna Railroad.

The National Association of Commercial Travelers elected Thomas A. Young President, and J. R. Trasley, of St. Louis, Vice President.

The Supreme Court of West Virginia has imposed fines on the editor and publisher of The Intelligencer, of Wheeling, for editorial strictures.

The Comptroller of the Currency has ordered an assesment of 100 per cent. on the stockholders of the Marine National Bank of New York.

Paul Hamilton died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., aged 82. He was the youngest son of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, killed in a duel with Aaron Burr.

Among the passengers from Queenstown, Sunday, for New York, were the President of San Salvador, Dion Boucicault, and M oody, the evangelist.

The stockholders of the California Southern Railroad met in Boston; $126,000 was subscribed of the $250,000 needed to complete repairs of the road.

The Spanish Minister in Washington says the reports afloat of the proposed sale or transfer of Cuba by the Spanish Government are untruthful and absurd.

The State Veterinarian of Kansas inspected the livery-stables in Leavenworth, and found 25 cases of glanders. He ordered the shooting of five horses, valued at $1,-000.

The first case for violation of the prohibitory law was tried at Des Moines, Iowa, Saturday, the defendant, who alleged that the beverage he sold was mead, being fined $100.

Cornwall, Secretary of the Dublin postoffice, has fled the City since the failure of his suit against O'Brien, as have also several other persons involved with him in criminal acts.

The Treasury Department Saturday paid the following claims for expenses incurred by the State Governments during the war of the rebellion: Ohio, $90,246; New York, $54,946; Michigan, $42,346; Massachusetts, $28,619.

The Southern Plow Manufacturers' Association of the United States organized at Louisville Saturday by electing Parry Coleman President, and Joseph Speer Secretary and Treasurer. Price schedules were agreed upon.

Cyrus W. Field, intimately associated with Russel Sage, says there is no foundation for the published report that Sage is about to retire from business. Sage, who has lately been overworked, is merely taking needed rest away from the City.

Dana, of the New York Sun, has agreed to prepare a paper to be read before the first regiment of Union veterans at Boston. It will contain the secret history of Dana's visit to Sen. Sherman at the front during the last campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.

Rev. T. S. Hamlin, for 13 years pastor of the Woodside Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Mount Auburn Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati.

The Board appointed to represent the Government at the New Orleans Exposition will also take charge of the Government exhibit at the Louisville and Cincinnati Expositions.

Thomas P. Graham, Chief of the Stamp Division of the Postoffice Department, has been required to resign on account of his negligence in allowing a clerk under him to steal stamps.

Rumors concerning the retirement of Jay Gould from the Mercantile Trust Company are confirmed by both Gould and Louis Fitzgerald. Mr. Gould stated that he had merely sold out his stock in the company.

Laboring men's organizations in Washington have adopted a resolution to "boycott" Cleveland, and calling on kindred organizations throughout the country to do the same. The feeling against him among the working classes is represented as intense.

After a long contest the Republican Territorial Committee of Dakota decided at St. Paul Saturday night to hold a Delegate Convention at Pierre, August 17. The fight over the basis of representation is a bitter one, and had not been adjusted at midnight.

Business men along the Hudson Valley say a great many 25-cent pieces, clever counterfeits, are in circulation. The pieces are dated 1875. On genuine quarters only three claws can be seen on the eagle, while on the counterfeit the eagle has four claws on one foot and three on the other.

The Collector of Customs for the District of Arizona has notified the Treasury department that the Mexican Government has entered into an agreement with a steamship company to give a bonus of $60 per head for Chinese laborers to be landed at Guaymas, Mexico, under labor contract.

No more one dollar notes can be supplied by the Treasurer until about the first of August. The order for their preparation could not be given until after the appropriation bill was passed, and the failure to supply is due to the delay of Congress.

At Lawrence, Mass., two girls named Katy McDonold, aged 11, and Mary Flaherty, aged 10, while carrying dinners to relatives in the mills were instantly killed by a falling brick wall on the premises of the Pacific mill corporation.

The late Alban Pinkerton, of Chicago, left $125,000 in real estate, and $25,000 in securities. His will was admitted to probate, the widow giving bonds as executrix. Deceased directed that the farms in Iroquois County remain forever in the family, and that the sons continue the detective agencies and preventive watch.

The Secretary of the Interior has requested the Secretary of War to cause the arrest of Capt. Payne and such of his party (reported to the number of 1,500 or 2,000) now upon the Cherokee outlet lands, Indian Territory, as have violated the revenue statutes, and to expel all other intruders now upon lands before the movement assumes more formidable proportions.

Parties in the western part of Texas confirm the report that the sheep and cattle industry in that part of the State is threatened with annihilation by drought. Sheep men with flocks are arriving daily at Eagle Pass, seeking ingress to Mexico. The water holes and streams on the American side of the Rio Grande are dried up.

Ex-Minister Sargent, who is just home from Germany, has given such accounts of the pork troubles that it is clearly established that the prohibition of pork importation was because of its diseased character, that being only the plausible veil, but because we were the chief competitors with German pork raisers. As this is against existing treaties, Mr. Sargent naturally thinks the matter demands notice from this Government which it has not yet received.

Double Execution Ordered.

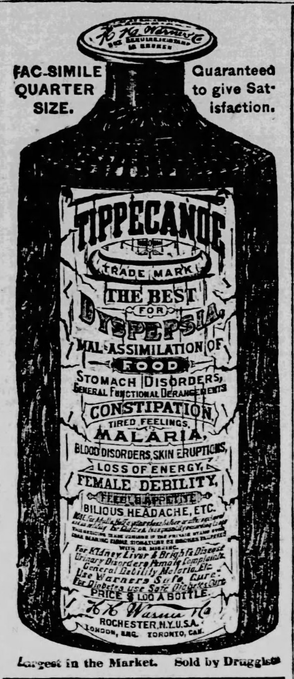
CHARLESTON, W. Va., July 15.—At 10 o'clock last night Judge Frank Guthrie sentenced Charles Spurlock, a member of the Hill boys' (Jesse James) gang, who murdered Alvin Woods and shot his father, Jack Woods, near St. Albans, the latter part of April. Spurlock is to hang October 17. His only request when sentence was pronounced was to be baptized. Notwithstanding he confessed to murder in the first degree, when brought out for trial, he said last night he did so in self defense, but the jury denied ever having killed anyone. William Coleman, alias John Coleman, colored, who shot and killed Fenton Hill, colored, last October, was sentenced by the same Judge to be hanged the same day as Spurlock. It has been many years since there was a legal hanging here. Coleman's case was taken to the Supreme Court.

The Educational Convention.

MADISON, Wis., July 14.—The officers of the National Educational Council of the United States chosen to-day for the ensuing year are: President, Dr. E. E. White, O.; Ohio; Vice-President, Dr. D. B. Hager, Salem, Mass.; Secretary, George P. Brown, Indiana; Executive Committee, J. L. Packard, Iowa State University; L. Dunton, Principal of the Boston Normal School; F. Louis, St. Louis Normal School, and H. C. Dibble, Charleston, S. C. Five hundred teachers from the Middle States and Southwest arrived to-day, and it is thought the attendance will exceed 5,000. Madison has most generously opened every household to entertain the guests.

A Speck of War in Louisiana.

NEW IBERIA, July 12.—The Gates-Fontelieu trouble is again boiling up. Last night a party of 50 Gates men organized and took possession of the Court House, while the Fonteliu men were in a saloon near by. Both sides dispatched couriers to different parts of the Parishes gathering up men. The Fontelieu men declare they will take the Court House to-day or to-morrow. The Gates men are well prepared to resist the attack.



Largest in the Market. Sold by Druggists

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

The Rt. Rev. William Jacobson, D. D., Bishop of Chester, is dead

Prof. Packard, acting President of Bowdoin College, died suddenly Sunday, age 85.

In a hotel at Keokuk, B. D. Courts killed a Wabash brakeman, named Richard Spence, for charging him with the theft of $85.

CONSHOHOCKEN, Pa., July 12.—John May, a shoemaker, stabbed his daughter 17 times, then stabbed himself 15 times and died. The daughter will die. She repelled unlawful advances by her father.

CHARLOTTE, July 13.—Mrs. Ed. Seabolt, who lived three miles north of Charlotte, died at 3 o'clock this morning from an overdose of morphine. The deceased was only 17 years old, and married Mr. Seabolt the 6th of last June."

Charles H. Williams, aged 38, partially demented, living near Otsego, Mich., in a fit of anger attempted to kill his father and family. An officer tried to capture him, when he jumped into a passing buggy, seized the reins and escaped to a swamp.

William McLaughlin, a distiller of